The Saint Andrew's College Review

Xmas 1910

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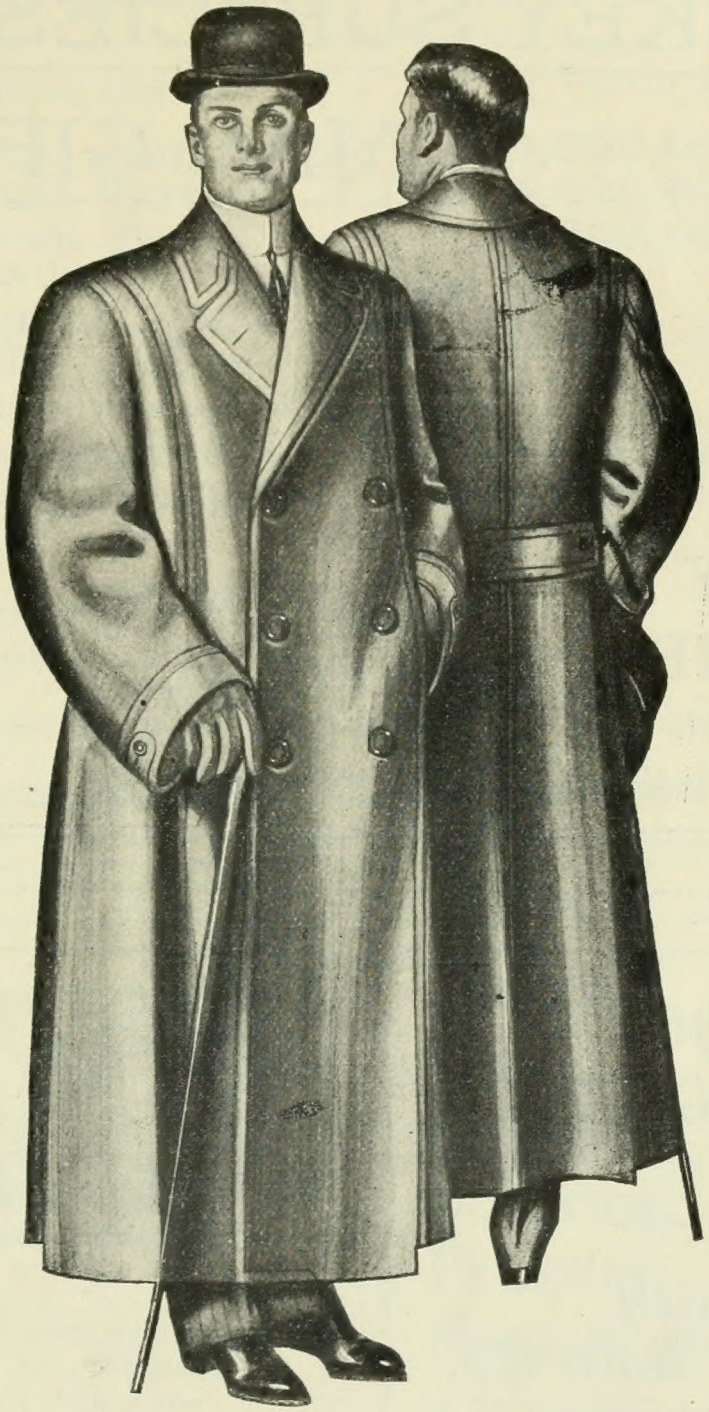

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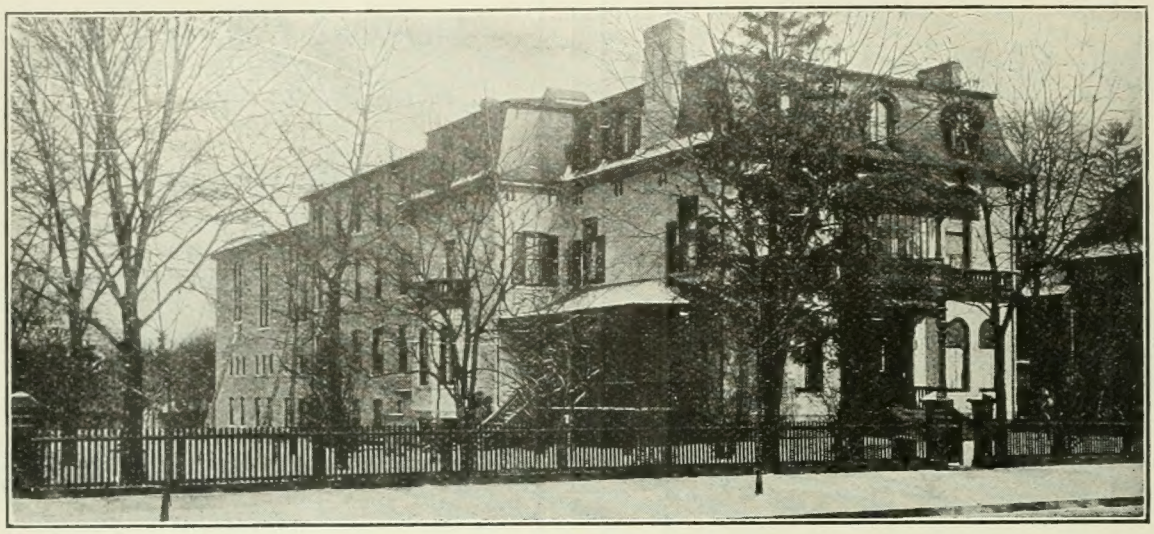

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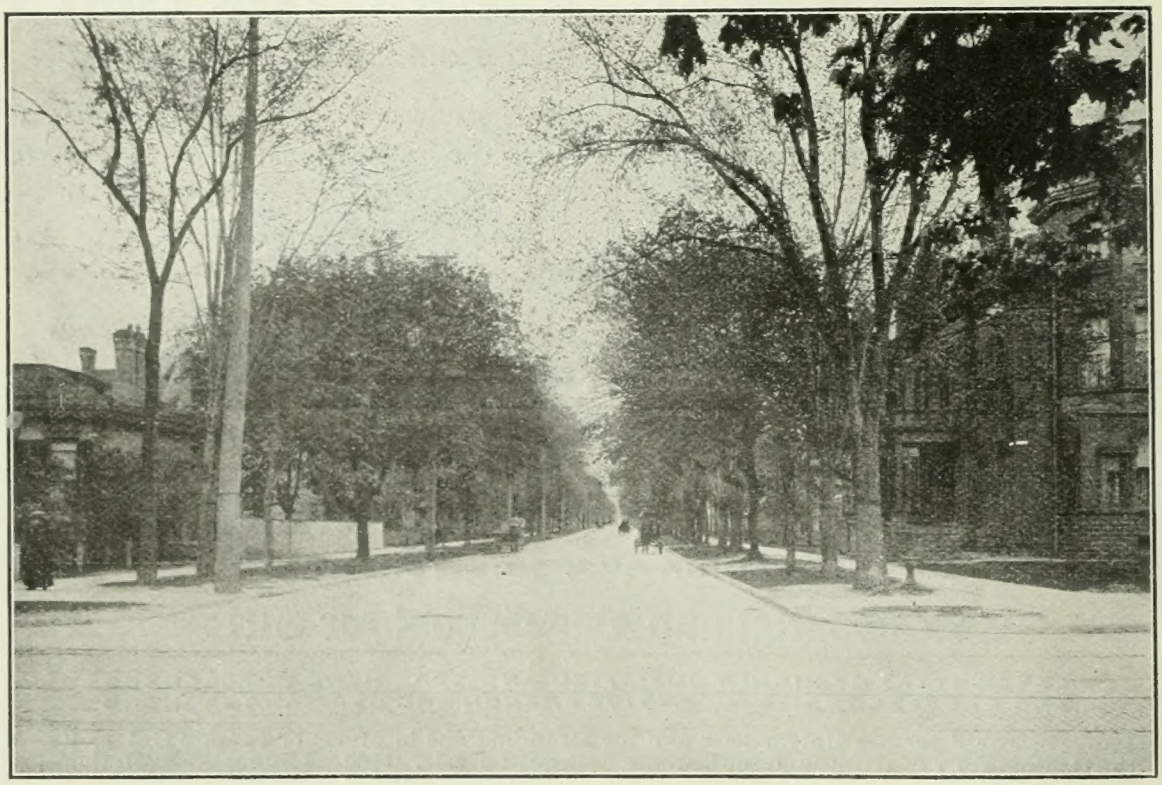

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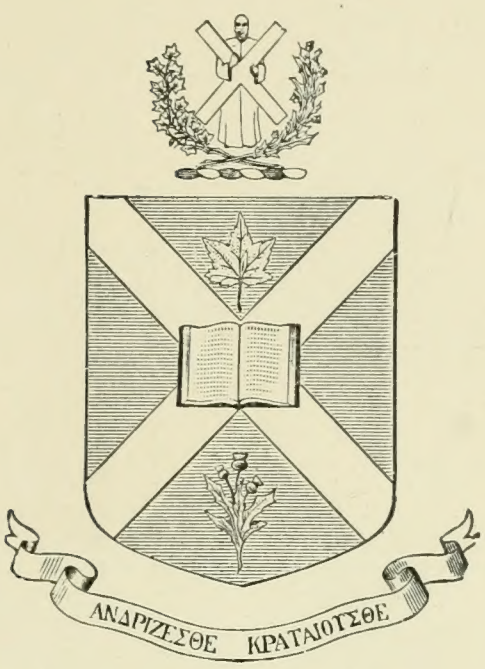
The St. Andrew's College Review



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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER

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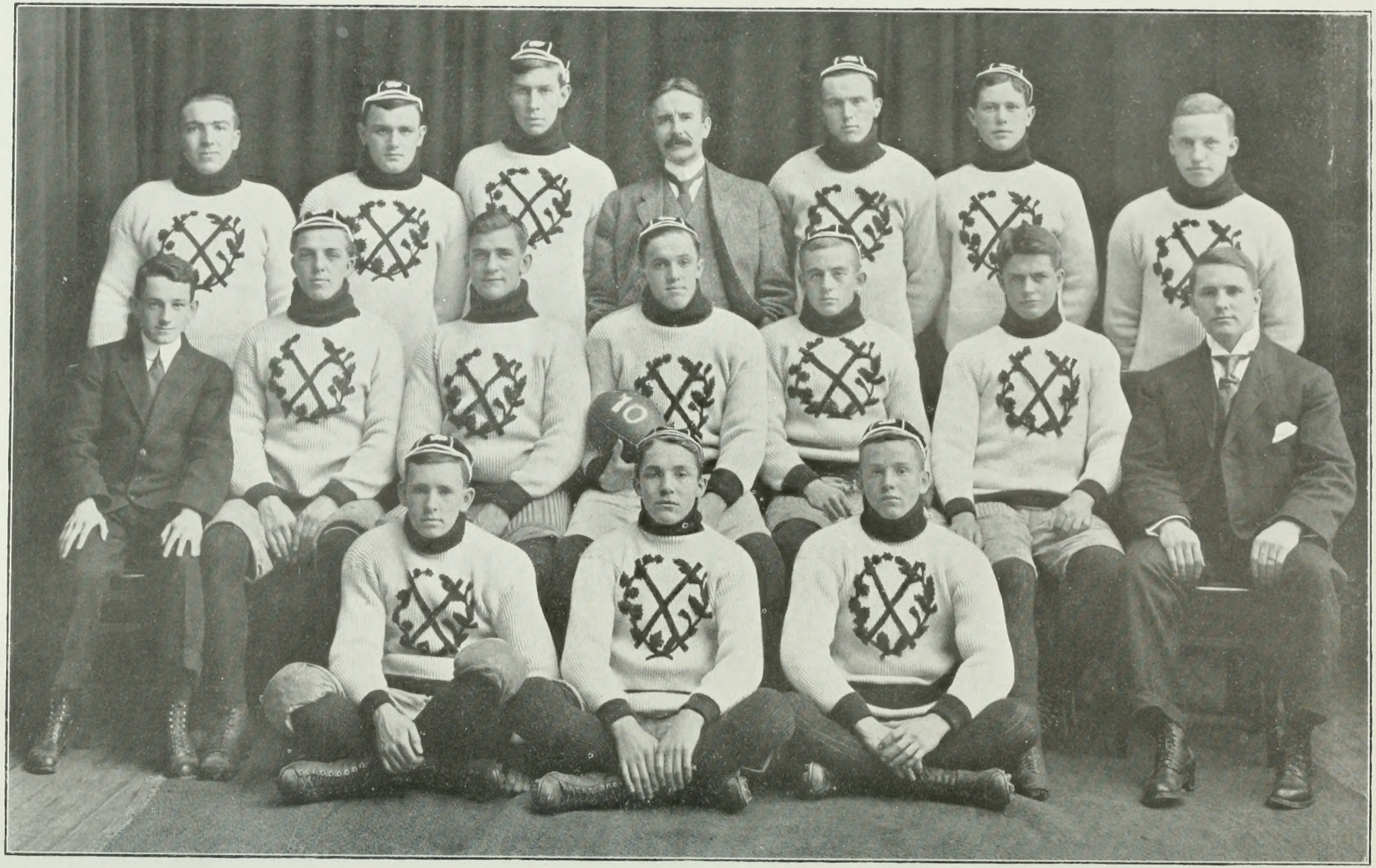


ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST TEAM.

St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1910

CHRISTMAS! The talismanic word that transforms what is dull and commonplace into something radiantly beautiful and full of meaning! The eternal message of Peace and Good-will comes ringing down the ages as sweet and full of hope as on the dawn of the first Christmas morning. Petty feuds are put aside, bitterness and rancor, jealousy and hatred seem for the time at least to be eclipsed by the spirit of love and generosity that is abroad in the land. The small boy's rhyme sounds like sweetest poetry to ears awaiting the sound of train whistles and conductors' calls.

"No more Latin, no more French—
No more sitting on a hard board bench!"

What lines of an immortal Browning or a despised Virgil can equal this famous classic? There is music in every foot of each verse, and to many eager ears it is the music of "Home, Sweet Home." To all those whose steps are speeding in the direction of "sweet home," and to all whose thoughts only are bearing them closer to a charmed circle, where their presence will be sadly missed, the REVIEW extends heartiest greetings and best wishes for a truly happy vacation. It is the gladdest time of the whole year for most of us, but to a great many it is, unfortunately, the saddest. It is now that the empty chair seems most vacant, the hushed voice most still, and to all who feel anew at this time the sorrow of bereavement, the sense of eternal loss, we wish the deeper happiness that comes from a true realization of what the season really brings to all—"Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Men."

Contributed Articles.

The Legend of Bertram Hall

I DON'T know how long I had been asleep, when the telephone rang, jarring the house with its continuous buzzing. I had just put on my dressing gown, and was hunting for my slippers under the bed, when I heard my brother's door open, and a few minutes later his voice at the 'phone.

"Hello, yes, it's Gordon speaking, is that you Chester. No, but I can dress quickly enough. Yes, he's here." Followed a long pause, then: "You don't say so. Why didn't you let us know before? Yes, we'll start as soon as possible. How far? Well, it's only 10.45, we'll be along in about forty minutes."

I heard him coming along the hall, and a few seconds later my door was opened, and he walked in, very excited, as I could easily see.

"By jove, Harold, Chester Bertram is in a bad way; I promised him that we would leave as soon as possible and go down, so get your clothes on at once. I'll tell you all about it on the way, and say, Harold, slip that 32 in your pocket and bring a few cartridges. I am taking mine, and it may be advisable to have something to fall back on, for you never can tell what will happen. Can you be ready in five minutes? Well, hurry then and come down stairs as soon as you can."

I dressed quickly, and slipping on my heavy overcoat descended the stairs, where I found Gordon waiting impatiently. He opened the door and we went out. It was rather cold, and a stiff breeze was blowing as we made our way down the front walk toward the gate.

Gordon hailed a passing taxicab, and I climbed in, hearing him say to the driver, "Bertram Hall as quickly as possible," before he followed me. He then took out his pipe and tobacco, and after a few puffs began his story.

"It seems too bad to haul you out of bed at eleven o'clock, but it is a case of life and death. Here is the story: Chester Bertram, as you know, traces his ancestors a long way back; in the reign

of Henry IV. a neighboring Baron took it into his head that Bertram Castle, as it was then called, would suit him very well as a change of residence. On Christmas eve, at the head of a body of raiders, he somehow gained admission; in the great hall he was met by the then master of Bertram Castle. A terrific battle ensued, and, although the attackers were driven off, the master was slain by the Baron himself. Ever since then, the story has been passed down that each night of the week before Christmas this battle should occur before the death of a Bertram.

"When Chester 'phoned me to-night, he said that this battle has been going on now for the last five nights; as to-night is the twenty-third, to-morrow will be the last. This means that within a week from to-morrow, according to the legend, Chester Bertram, being the only member of the family alive, will die, either by his own hand or by accident. I judged from his voice to-night that the poor fellow is almost out of his mind. Of course I do not put any faith in this legend, but the only thing we can do is to keep our eyes open and try to cheer poor Chester up a bit. He has often spoken to me of the thing, and last year an old servant told me that for a week before the death of Chester's grandfather the midnight battle went on. Sometimes it skips a generation. Chester's father lived to be ninety-two, and died peacefully on his bed. But it seems to have it in for Chester. Well, here we are, out you get."

I got down and waited while Gordon paid the driver. Then together we made our way along the winding walk and up the stone steps. I rang the bell, and in a few moments the massive door was opened, and a servant ushered us along the hall and into a large room, where Chester Bertram met us with outstretched hands. He was a tall, slender man with a handsome, clean-shaven face, which, however, had a rather pale and pasty appearance.

"My, but I am glad you two came down," said he, after we had shaken hands. "You cannot imagine what an awful curse this thing is until you have heard the noise and din of the midnight battle. I sent for you fellows, because—well, you know how it is. I knew it would cheer me up to see you again, and besides I have a few things I wish to tell you of. Let us sit here for awhile anyway, and we can talk things over. My cousins have gone to bed, and I guess we will not be disturbed."

For awhile we talked of old times at Oxford, and then switched

to Chester's family, and from there naturally to the curse which was driving him to despair. He spoke often of the great kindness of his two cousins, who were living with him.

"But who are these cousins, if I may ask?" said Gordon; "I thought that you were the sole member of the family alive."

"They are third cousins, and came to live with me last July. They have certainly been awfully good to me."

"Well, what are your plans for to-morrow?" asked Gordon. "Have you arranged anything for the morning, Chester?"

"My cousins are going to London for the day, and as I have given the servants a holiday, we will be alone in the house. I thought we would go for a ride in the morning, but have not arranged anything for the afternoon."

As he finished speaking, the big clock in the hall struck the first note of midnight. His face was ghastly pale as he rose from his chair and started for the door. We followed him along the corridor into the great hall, and stood under the clock. As the sound of the last stroke of twelve died out, a confused murmuring, like the shouting of men, could be distinctly heard in the centre of the hall, mingled with the clash of steel. For several minutes the sound continued, then gradually died down and stopped altogether. Chester tottered, and would have fallen had I not supported him with my arm.

"Did you hear it?" he questioned in a strained voice. "Now you know what it is like; for six nights now I have heard that battle, sounding out my death knell. To-morrow will be the last."

Slowly we made our way back to the library and sat down. For a few moments we remained in silence, then Gordon spoke, rather unfeelingly, as I thought.

"Do you mind if I go up to bed now, Chester? I have a few things to do in the morning, and I am rather tired."

Chester arose silently, and leading the way up a great winding stairway, showed us into a large front room. Here, having bidden us good-night, he left us, and we could hear him walking down the corridor to his own room, then the noise of his door being closed, and all was still.

"Gordon," said I, "what do you think of it? The sound was certainly plain enough, and you could easily distinguish the clash of steel."

"There's some dirty, underhand work about this," he replied, as he leaned down to undo his boots, "and I mean to get to the bottom of the matter. I am going to stay here in the morning and try to find out something about it, while you and Chester take your morning ride. Well, good-night, Harold," and he turned out the light.

The next morning we met the two cousins at breakfast. They were a pair of short, dark complexioned men, who looked to be about the same age, and who greatly resembled one another. They were very pleasant, and I had quite a talk with the younger of the two in regard to the curse of Bertram Hall. He seemed deeply wrought up over his cousin's health, and confided to me in a whisper that he was afraid Chester might attempt suicide before the week was out.

Breakfast over, the two cousins set out at once for London, and a little bit later Chester and I went out to the stables, and having saddled our horses started off for a ride across country, leaving Gordon, who had excused himself on the plea that he had a couple of letters to write, alone in the house.

Returning about noon, we found him sitting before the fire in the library, in a snug arm chair, deep in "The Three Musketeers."

"That is a great book," he said, as he closed it with a sigh; "well, how did you enjoy the ride? It has brought back the color into your cheeks, Chester; you are worrying too much old man; try to forget yourself for a little while, and I know you will feel better."

The afternoon passed slowly enough. We played billiards until five o'clock, and then Chester took us for a walk around the grounds. After tea Gordon and I played chess, but his mind was evidently not on the game, for I defeated him twice, something I had never accomplished before. At a quarter to twelve he ran upstairs, and we could hear him walking about in our room, which was directly above us. He soon returned, and I noticed that his coat pocket bulged suspiciously. A few minutes after, the hall clock began to strike. Gordon sprang to his feet and led the way down the corridor. We entered the hall and stood, this time, directly beneath the electric light switch. As we waited there for the clock to stop striking, my revolver was thrust into my hand, and Gordon whispered: "Follow me to the centre of the hall as soon as you get my signal."

Just as before, the eery noises began, intermingled with the clash of steel, directly after the last stroke of midnight. For a minute it went on, then—Snap! The great room was flooded with light, and I followed Gordon as he rushed to the centre of the hall.

"There, do you see that open space?" he yelled, pointing to a spot where one of the tiles was sliding back into place, gradually shutting out from sight the open mouth of a large black horn.

He was down on his knees on the floor in an instant, and had shoved the muzzle of his revolver in between the quickly closing tile and the stationary one next to it.

"Come out of that, you fellows," he called, "your game's up." There was no reply, and a few moments later we heard the cousins' door upstairs slam to.

Chester now rushed forward to our sides, paler than ever.

"What is it?" he almost shouted in his excitement. "What are you doing?"

"Wait," said Gordon, "I will show you"; and putting his fingers in the crack he gave a mighty pull, and the tile slid back, disclosing the ominous looking horn.

"There is your mimic battle," he exclaimed. "Now," putting his arm down into the hole as far as he could, "I will turn it on." He did so, and the murmuring voices began again, coming from the mouth of the horn.

"The noise of the clash of steel is made by a flat piece of steel attached to the floor by wire on a pulley. Now, come into the library and I will explain it all, and tell you how I found out."

We followed him into the library and sat down again before the fire. The color was beginning to come back into Chester's cheeks, and he was looking better already.

"From the first," Gordon began, "I suspected your cousins; knowing that they were your only relatives, and that on your death the estate would go to them. After you left for your ride this morning, I at once went to the hall and searched the place from top to bottom, but could find nothing. In despair I was pacing up and down, trying to think what it could be, when I noticed that one of the tiles, in the centre of the hall, moved ever so little as I put my foot on it. At once I was on my knees, working tooth and nail. Yes, it was a sliding tile, and by dint of hard work, I managed to get it back, disclosing the working of the thing. It is a

large gramophone, on which is a record which they have made themselves by shouting into the horn while an empty disc was on. This is set going directly after midnight by one of the brothers, while the other works the steel, which, as I have said before, is on a pulley."

"This is the mimic battle which has been terrifying you, and I don't blame you, for when I heard it last night the cold shivers ran up and down my back. As for your precious cousins, they will, I trust, have made good their escape by now, and I don't think they will trouble you any more."

For a full minute we sat silently, looking into the fire, then Chester arose, and walking over to Gordon gripped him by the hand.

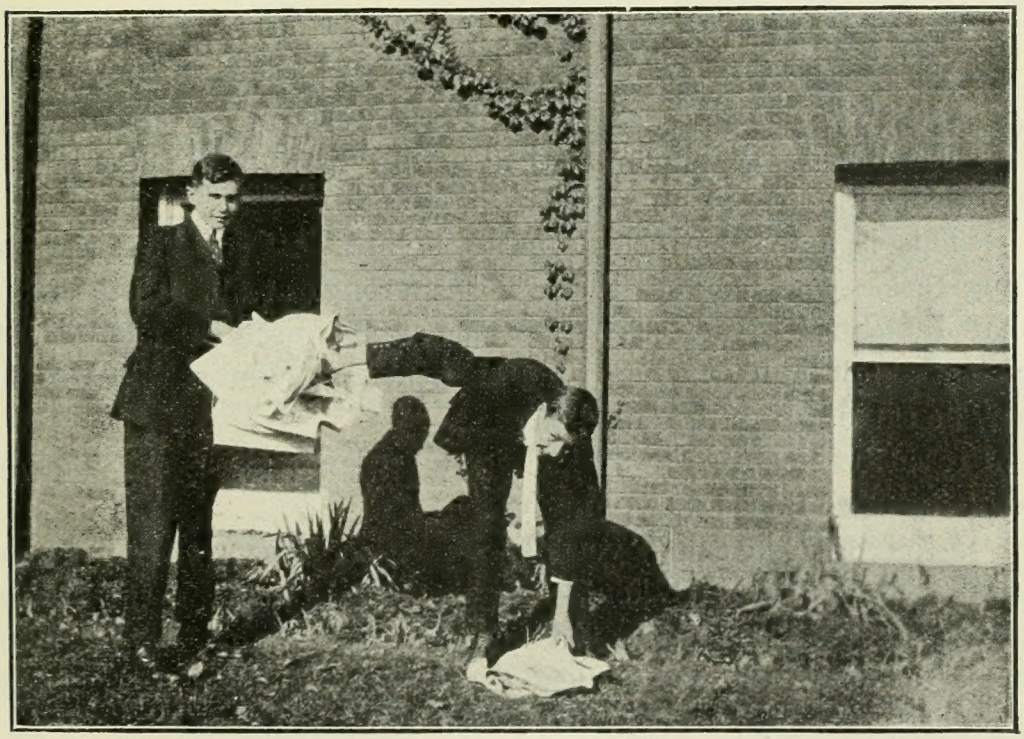
"Gordon," he exclaimed passionately, hanging to my brother's hand as if afraid it might get away, "what can I do in return for all you have done for me?"

"There is only one thing," said Gordon, smiling back at him.

"And that," cried Chester, as he took my hand in his free one.

"That you allow me to wish you a very Merry Christmas," was the reply.

H. CRAWFORD.



"Any Rags, Bones, Bottles!"

An Outcast

HE was gone, and I stood on the corner of Yonge and Front Streets waiting for my car. Philip Smith, steeplejack, outcast, drunkard, a man of hardships, of sin and of lost opportunities had left my sight. Forever? Perhaps, perhaps not; I may see him again.

The steamer rolled slowly with the swell, but ever and ever ploughing steadily towards Toronto. The wind was shrieking wildly round the funnel and whistling through the rigging as I sat in a corner on the hurricane deck, munching my lunch and watching Niagara slowly fade into the fog.

At the sound of a step I turned my head and carelessly regarded a man as he paced the forsaken deck in silence. I cuddled up in my big overcoat and watched him make another round.

His face was thin and haggard and badly stained with dirt. His clothes were loose and shabby, bearing here and there a spot of paint, and here and there a tear or a patch. He wore a leather motoring cap, characterized by similar spots of paint to those upon his vestments.

Suddenly he became aware that I was watching him.

"Are you sick, too?" he asked.

"No," I answered, smiling at the thought of such a thing.

"I'm awfully sick," he said as he sat down beside me.

I continued my lunch in silence, not wishing to become acquainted with such an uninviting character.

"This is a terrible boat," he exclaimed. "Look how the old thing rocks—and look out there, it isn't rough at all. Understand what I mean?" And after his momentary peculiar excitement, during which he had arisen from his seat and pointed towards the lake, he sat down in profound disgust.

Presently he threw away his cigarette, and taking out another he lit it under the shelter of my coat.

"I tell you," he said, "you have an object lesson in me. Understand what I mean? When I was your age I had all the opportunities that you have, maybe more. But I didn't make us of them. Understand what I mean? You see me now; I'm nobody, practically nobody; I might have been somebody."

He jerked out his sentences in quick succession, beginning them with a suddenness which betrayed a certain eagerness to bring them out.

I looked at him and he continued, "I went to St. Joseph's College in Montreal when I was quite young, and then to McGill. I was considered about the best scholar in my year. But I got smart. Understand what I mean? I thought I knew it all and went in for a good time, smoking and drinking, till I went to the bad. Then I left my home in Montreal and went to the States, where I became a steeplejack, wandering from town to town. I have wandered round like this for twenty years; I haven't been in Canada since I was eighteen. I am thirty-eight now, though you wouldn't believe it, would you? But look at those grey hairs."

And he turned his head towards me.

For some moments we sat in silence, he puffing at his cigarette and I glancing over a newspaper which I had with me. A sudden thought struck me and I opened up my lunch again.

"Have some?" I asked, pushing it towards him.

"No, I'm too sick," he replied, "but it's very kind of you to offer it to me."

Another silence, and then to my utter astonishment he asked me if I knew the fifth proposition in Euclid.

"No," I replied, "we don't study Euclid; we take Geometry."

"They're both about the same thing," he remarked. "But let me see." And he felt in his pockets for a pencil.

Eventually he pulled out a piece of white chalk, with which he drew roughly on the deck an isosceles triangle.

"Now, if ABC be a given isosceles triangle having ACB equal to ABC, and if the equal sides AB and AC be produced to H and K respectively, then HBC equals KCB. That's what we have to prove. Understand what I mean?"

While we were both studying the figure attentively he informed me that this proposition was often called the *pons asinorum,* or "the asses' bridge."

"Supposing we take a point on B, H, and one on C, K, at equal distances from B and C respectively. Understand what I mean?"

I nodded, and he continued, "join C to the point on B, H, and B to the point on C, K."

Here he stopped and meditated.

"Then," I continued, "those two new triangles are equal."

"Yes," he answered, "but I can't get any farther, I'm stuck."

And throwing away his cigarette he regarded the figure in a deep thought, during which he upset my lunch onto the deck.

"O, I'm rusty," he said finally, erasing the figure with his foot. "I could do that like a flash."

He went on thus, springing on me now and then some algebraic question, and taking infinite delight in explaining it to me. He never stopped smoking cigarettes during the whole time that I was with him.

The sight of land aroused us. He was on his feet in an instant.

"Is that Toronto?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered.

"Poor old Canada," he sighed, "poor old Canada."

"What are you going to do when you get there?" I asked.

"I'm going to work and get some rags on my back," he said.

"What then?" I asked again.

"I don't know, sir," he said mournfully, "just what I have been doing. I haven't any ambition now; I've nothing to live for; nothing makes me happy. I have nothing to hope for, but still I won't give up the little bit of hope I have; I'll struggle on as I am until I die. My opportunities are gone and now I've lost my nerve. I can't start again. I haven't got the—the stamina." And he choked a sob of wretchedness and despair.

I had been thinking, and now I summoned up my courage to speak.

"Supposing," I faltered, "supposing you stop drinking and become respectable. Then go back to your home in Montreal."

"I had been thinking of that," he said, "but I hadn't the nerve to do it. I believe now I'll try."

And we sat in silence until the boat turned in at the gap, when we rose and prepared to leave.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

I hesitated a moment and then replied.

"The reason I asked," he explained, "is because I'd like to go and see you some day when I'm respectable. You've been very kind to me."

I gave him my hand in the hope that he would follow my advice, then lost him in the crowd.

I saw him again walking up Yonge Street; now he was gone, and I stood on the corner waiting for my car. Philip Smith, steeplejack, outcast, drunkard, a man of hardships, of sin and of lost opportunities had left my sight. Forever? Perhaps—perhaps not; I may see him again.

W. G. FIRSTBROOK.

"The Gardener of Eden."

A Story of a Dog

IT was in the beginning of the summer months that Bill Mason found a litter of pups lying beside their mother in the barn. They were evidently some weeks old, but the old dog had kept them hidden so well that it was only now that Mason had found them.

The pups grew up strong and big, and by winter only one remained. They were much sought after by the miners, whose chief means of transportation was by dog sleigh.

The remaining dog was the biggest and most queerly marked of the bunch. He was tall, his head shaped like a bull terrier's, with the strong jaws of the breed. His coat was wiry and colored somewhat like that of an Airedale.

One day in the early spring Mason went down to the general store for a supply of provisions. The pup was at his heels. On entering he went up to the large stove to warm his hands, while the pup, in a manner peculiar to the kind, sniffed curiously around seeking for something to eat.

Suddenly Mason heard a growl, and, turning, he saw his dog confronting a large mongrel who had come from behind the counter.

For a few moments they stood eyeing each other and then closed. The pup went down under the shock, but fighting gamely, rose to his feet, and, closing once more, he gained a hold on the other's throat. The big fellow shook himself free, but like a shot the pup threw himself upon him and grasped a firmer hold. His enemy reared, and, plunging madly, threw himself about the room in a frenzy of fear. He was fast tiring and fought in spurts. Then the pup began to shake, and kept it up with a terrible regularity. The big dog's throat was rattling in a manner horrible to hear, and his breath came in gasps. His eyes began to glaze as he stopped struggling. The pup had won his first real fight. The men in the store, who had been watching with deepest interest, now stepped forward and parted the two dogs.

About a week after a young fellow who was buying a team of dogs purchased the pup from Mason, partly on account of his size and peculiar color and also for his fighting reputation.

Chuck, as he was now called, became the leader of his new master's team. The other dogs were all big fellows and hard workers, and when Bert Stanley hitched up his team he had every reason to be proud.

Shortly after this time occurred the usual dog race for a cup presented by a company owning shares in a neighboring mine. The cup was in the hands of a miner caller Turner, whose team of huskies had pulled off the prize for two years in succession, and were now going in to win the cup for good and all.

On the day of the race the usual number of teams lined up, Stanley's among them. At the extreme left stood Turner beside his dogs. The course was about twenty miles in length, the teams having to take a message to two different mines and return.

At half past eleven the sleds started. A number of younger boys swung off at a gallop, but the wiser trailed in behind Turner, who hit a steady trot, Stanley being third from the end.

For the first five or ten miles no change in the line occurred, but soon after the leaders fell out, and one by one most of the teams dropped behind, until there remained, besides Turner, only five teams, among which was Stanley's.

These teams kept well together, and as they left the last mine each man felt that this was to be the great test. Stanley now held second place in the line. His team was running easily, and Chuck was working well and keeping the rest at it. Turner increased his speed, but Stanley followed closely.

On they went, Turner in the lead with Stanley a close second. The rest were dropping farther back, and it soon became apparent that it would be a close race for first place.

As they neared the finish the course widened out, and for about a mile ran on a beaten track. Stanley crept up even with Turner. Now they could see the crowd of people at the finishing point. Cries arose of "Come on, Stanley!" "Get on a spurt, Turner!" The dogs were going their fastest. Stretched out almost flat the two teams were straining every muscle. Slowly Chuck was seen to forge ahead. Only one hundred yards remained, and the cheering grew louder as they drew near the end of the course.

Slowly Stanley forged ahead, his team panting and gasping as they struggled towards the line, while Turner's dogs staggered despairingly a few yards behind. With a short, quick bark of defiance Chuck plunged pluckily forward, followed by the rest of the team. In a moment the post was passed, and, only four yards behind, Turner's team panted to an exhausted finish. Stanley had won the coveted cup.

SPOHN.

How To Be Really Smart

IT is quite a mistaken idea that any fool can be really smart; most fools can indeed, but there are some that cannot. It is to these latter that I, in the fullness of my heart, wish to address myself; and this humble article shall have performed its mission if it does but inspire them with a new hope, fill them with fresh enthusiasm and push them forward to the final realization and accomplishment of this very remarkable and fascinating ideal.

Firstly, then, there must be *dash*. This, in truth, is the all important factor in the making of a really smart person. You must dash this, and dash that, and dash it all. Look every man in the eye as though to say that, as for yourself, you are undoubtedly the grand culmination and climax of all creation, for which the world has been longing and craning ever since the advent of Adam, but, as for him—oh, well, poor fellow, he cannot help it; possibly his parents were to blame. Smile sweetly from time to time, just to remind him that, while he may be a good enough fellow at heart, he is really a perfect ass and not worthy of any serious consideration. Regard him with an austere and critical eye, as much as to say, that the great generosity and open-heartedness of your own nature must be evident to all, but that he is undoubtedly a very tricky and deceitful character. Impress him with your own great moral worth and integrity: that whereas you do not say very much, you would be quite willing to take in washing if anything should happen to your father; and that while you may appear rather flippant at times, you are really a very decent chap at heart. But do not be *too* severe with him. Remember that you are a very exceptional character, and that it is not given to everybody to attain unto that degree of perfection which you yourself have reached; and, therefore, relax the severity of your nature from time to time and flash the benign light of your countenance upon him. Be sure he will be greatly affected by this; as who would not?

But all this availeth nothing if there be not dash. What is dash? Ah, that is the question. It is that which never fails to impress your friends that if you took the trouble—well really, you know, Shakespeare *did* say some clever things, but—; that the Ninth Symphony is not bad at all, and you rather like it, in fact, but—; that your friend Lawson really made a very good showing

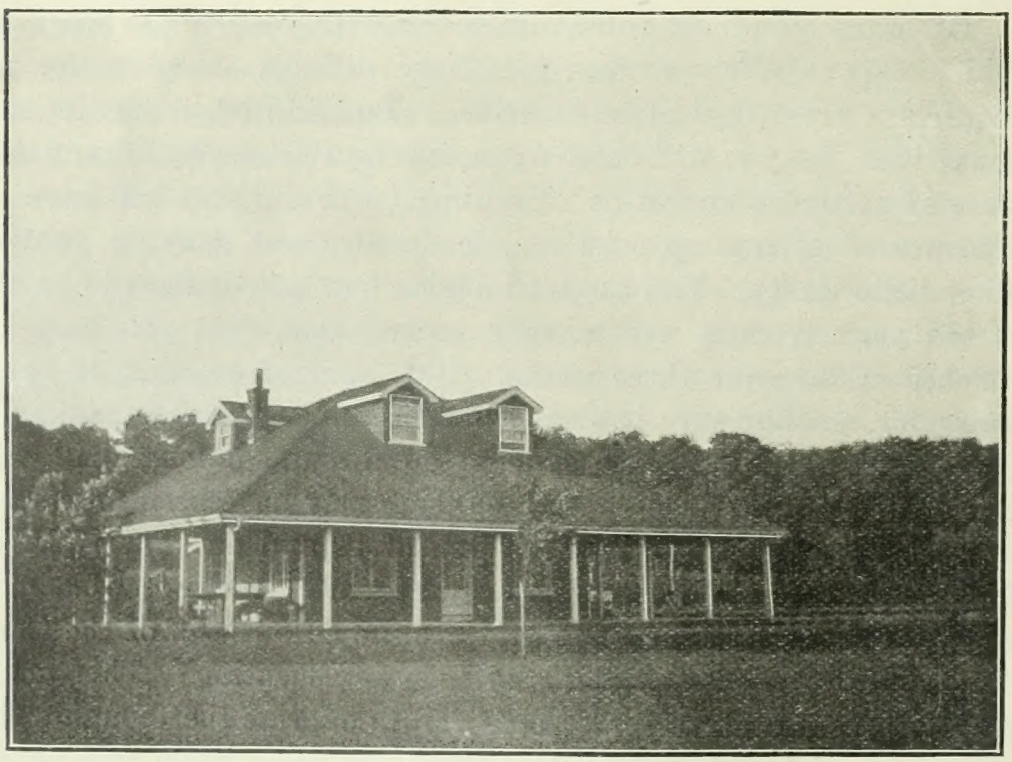
last year, but of course—; the trouble is, you know, that you really can't get down to work, and then again—oh well. In short, I am sure you will see that dash is the very pith of the matter, so to speak, and is quite indispensable.

Talk incessantly; this also is of great importance. And do not give yourself any unnecessary worry as to whether you are talking sense or not: your friends would probably not understand you if you did; and besides, it is not considered the thing. Talk about everything and anything. And do not hesitate to approach a subject, because you know nothing about it—if you did this, life would probably become very uninteresting to you—but plunge into it manfully, for you will find that your friends know almost as much about it as yourself; and this mutual state of blissful ignorance will dispel any clouds of foolish bashfulness that may have gathered. And indeed, it is truly remarkable how much you will learn from these little conversations. But apart from this, it is a shame to remain silent when there are so many nice things to talk about; and, to say truth, the really smart person cannot afford to be mum at any time of the day, unless indeed it be when he is asleep; and even then, he should give a gentle snore now and again, just to remind the world how really smart he is.

Of course you must enter into sports with your whole heart and soul. This, needless to say, is a very difficult thing to do, and requires a great deal of self-sacrifice. But, indeed, it has its compensations; for you will enter upon that mysterious and fascinating state of existence known as "training," wherein you will have the pleasure of giving up cake and lemonade, and denying yourself other little things. You cannot imagine how nice it feels to be able to tell your friends, with a very wicked look, that you have not touched it for over three weeks. But, apart from this, it builds character, so they say; it gives a man confidence in his hands and feet. Just think of being able to go through a long drill with thirteen boils on your right leg—or there may have been fourteen—no, there *were* thirteen, now I think of it, and on your right leg too! And what more noble ideal; what more elevating; what more calculated to kindle the ardor and fire the enthusiasm of the Canadian youth than this! Noble, did I say? Elevating? This, gentle reader, is no name for it! Words fail to express the thoughts that arise in me when I contemplate the truly remarkable and unique picture of Canada!

In reading, never allow your taste to be corrupted by any of those puny old volumes which a few misguided people still call the classics. What good can you possibly derive from stuffing your head with these? None at all, as you very well know. Rather then, refresh your mighty intellect with such books as, "His Wife's Husband," "Her Father's Only Child," "Did She or Did She Not?"; which, while entertaining and wholly delightful, are, at the same time, instructive and really useful; for therein are treated, with great detail and exactness, many delicate situations, which it would never do for you to be ignorant of. Some day, indeed, you may be so fortunate, perhaps, as to find yourself in a like situation; and then how out of place you would feel without the local color which you will have gained from these excellent works!

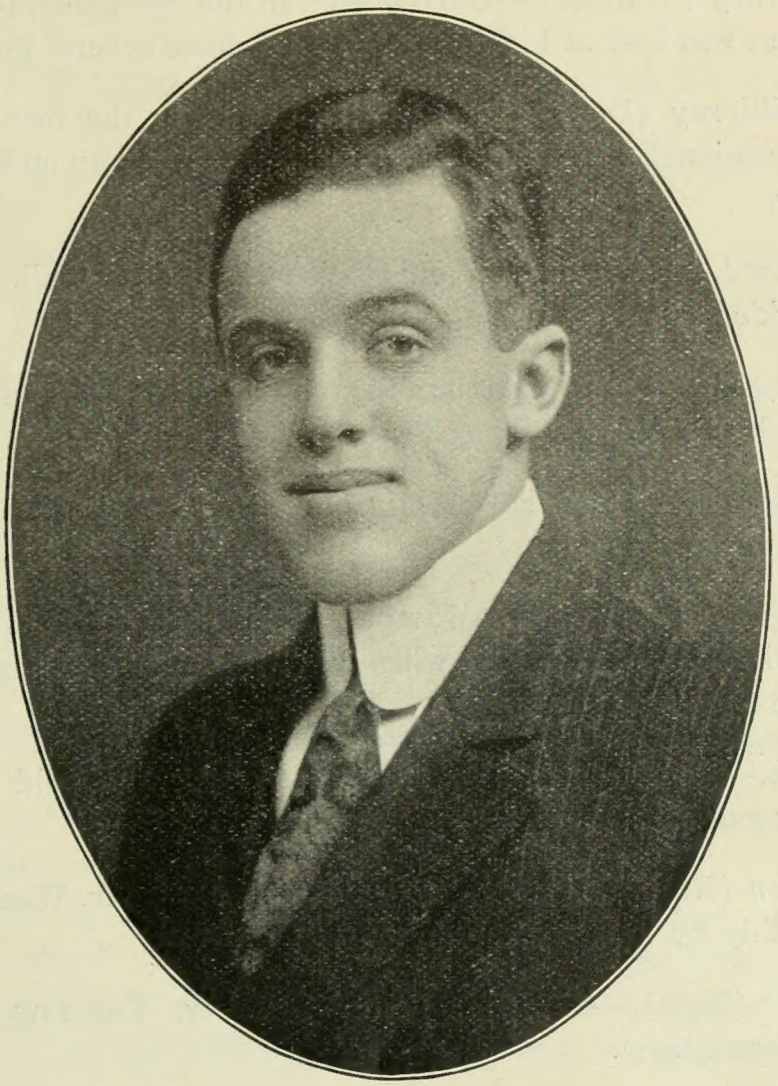
And finally, dear reader, if you honestly and sincerely desire to become really smart, little more remains to be said. What has been said will serve to set you on the right track, and after that you must depend on your *own* asininity. But please to bear in mind (and straightway I shall bring this exceedingly interesting and profitable article to a close), that the kernel, the soul, the very heart of the whole matter, in short, is *dash*. Without this nothing can be accomplished, and with it—many remarkable things. VOGT.



The Tuck Shop.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE SECOND TEAM.

Athletics



ARTHUR KILGOUR, CAPTAIN

Personals

KILGOUR (Tubby, Capt.)—A sure pass. Used his head well. A good tackler and runner. Showed up to best advantage in the Ridley game.

Ross.—Starred at kicking, also showed great style dealing out 'straight arms.' A good runner. Played on last year's team.

Crawford (Hume).—A good catch and runner; dodging well. His tackling saved many perilous situations. Played on the second team of last year.

Bicknell (Jimmy).—A veteran. Made sure gains on his runs. A good tackler.

Courtney (Wallace).—Only played in the last game, but earned his colors; was best at kicking, though he made several good runs.

McGillivray (Don).—The speediest man on the team, making many sensational tackles, especially when following up on kicks. An old color.

Wilson I.—Held his man and played his position well. A fairly good tackle.

Nicol (Tiney).—A hard man to stop on bucks, using his straight arm to advantage. An old color.

Templeton.—A new boy. Only played against Ridley. A hard worker and good tackler.

Montgomery (Monty).—Jumped from last year's third team. A splendid tackler; very fast when following upon kicks, also doing good line tackling.

Smith.—A veteran. A hard worker. Always held his man. Good at recovering the ball.

Risteen (Rusty).—Played with the team last year. Was hindered considerably by a weak shoulder.

Foster (Matt).—Good line man and bucker. Came up from last year's second team.

Hewitt.—A fast runner and good tackler.

The team appreciates greatly the splendid efforts of F. Davison and Webster, who as Manager and Assistant Manager, discharged their duties so faithfully.

D. W. M.

S. A. C. vs. Ridley

ON the 5th of November, the first teams of both the Junior and Senior house, boarded the 9 o'clock train for St. Catharines, there to play the annual matches with Ridley College.

The trip passed pleasantly, and we arrived some two and a half hours later.

The Junior house match was played first. From the start the game went in favor of St. Andrew's, which, though a lighter, proved to be a faster team. Munn kicked two dead lines in succession, which were closely followed by two rouges. In the second quarter some fast plays were made, both Munn and Scott making touches, one of which was converted. In the last three minutes of the first half S. A. C. scored another point, making a rouge. When the first half ended St. Andrew's were again on the Ridley line.

In the third quarter two more rouges were made. Then Might carried the ball over the line for a touch, which was converted. During the remainder of the match the play seemed evener, though in the last minute Gordon made another touch down for St. Andrew's, which was not converted. At full time the score stood 29—0. All the team did well, and I would not like to say who played the best game.

At 2.45 the Senior teams had received their final instructions "How to play." When they lined up, both seemed evenly matched, and the prospects were that there would be a good game.

Ridley had the kick-off, the ball passing into possession of St. Andrew's.

Foster had the first buck, which proved successful. The ball changed hands, however, as St. Andrew's had not gained their yards.

Ridley did a lot of bucking and forced the visiting team back, dangerously near their line, and although McGillivray made a good tackle on the next down they secured a rouge, which greatly pleased the Ridley rooters.

Shortly after they were again on St. Andrew's line, and it looked as if another rouge was certain had not Crawford, catching the ball, run it well out into the field.

Ross scored the next point on a kick, the ball going into touch behind the Ridley line.

The honors of the second point in favor of St. Andrew's fall to Ross, McGillivray and Montgomery, the former making a sensational kick and the latter for their double tackle behind the Ridley line.

Crawford now distinguished himself by making a brilliant run of half the field after catching the Ridley quarter way kick.

The next score was made by Kilgour, who, following up on a kick, caught the ball behind the line, thus making a touch down. Unluckily this try was not converted. At the end of the quarter the score stood 7—1 in favor of St. Andrew's.

In the second quarter Ridley had the advantage. They made two rouges in the first five minutes, and a little later Barnum got away for a touchdown, which he failed to convert. This, however, put Ridley one point to the good, a lead which they maintained till half time.

The second half was all in favor of St. Andrew's. Nicol had the first buck, and shortly after on another buck he trotted over the line for a touch, which again was left unconverted.

Bicknell, following down on another of Ross' kicks, collared the ball behind the orange and black line and added another five points to St. Andrew's score.

In the last quarter, although St. Andrew's had things their own way, the only score was made by McGillivray, who tackled the B. R. C. half back before he could get away, making a rouge. When the game was called St. Andrew's had 18 points to Ridley's 8. The line-ups were as follows:

St. Andrew's: Full, Ross; Halves, Courtney, Crawford and Bicknell; Quarter, Kilgour; Scrimmage, Templeton, Montgomery, Smith; Inside, W. Foster, Nicol; Middle, Wilson, Hewitt; Outside, McGillivray, Risteen. (By special request) the S. A. C. spares were: Large, Munroe and Sommerville I.

Ridley: Full, Jarvis; Halves, Gordon, Barnum and Roberts; Quarter, Jarvis; Scrimmage, Wood, Carley, Leach; Inside, Read, Cassels; Middle, Woolworth, Hamilton; Outside, Shoenberger, Fidy.

D. W. MacKeen.

U. C. C. vs. S. A. C.

THE annual rugby match between St. Andrew's and Upper Canada College was played on St. Andrew's grounds on October 15th.

Although the weather conditions at first seemed unfavorable, when the whistle blew at 2.30 the sun was shining brightly, and everything boded well for a good day's sport.

When the teams lined up, the side lines were crowded with enthusiastic supporters, among whom the fairer sex were not found wanting.

The toss being won by Upper Canada, they decided to play with the sun, as the light wind prevailing did not make any material difference.

St. Andrew's had the kick-off, and Nicol, taking the ball, placed it a good ten yards nearer the U. C. C. goal line.

Later, on account of S. A. C. failing to make their yards, the ball changed hands. Palmer kicked, but as Ross returned it and McGillivray, following down, made a sensational tackle, the blue and white were not so well off as before.

U. C. C. now gained ten yards through an offside. Palmer kicked, but the ball was caught by Crawford who made a good run. After five minutes of fast play, S. A. C. again had the ball, which was kicked by Ross, and McGillivray, following down fast, tackled the Upper Canada man behind the line, making the first score of one point.

There was no more scoring during this quarter which ended with S. A. C. making an offside, giving ten yards to Upper Canada, which brought them well past the centre line.

Unluckily for Upper Canada they failed to make their yards. It being a St. Andrew's down, two thrilling rushes were made by Large and Bicknell. Ross now kicked the ball behind the U. C. C. line. It was returned however, leaving it again in possession of the crimson and white. Foster was now given the ball, and got away for a good rush, the St. Andrew's supporters nearly going wild as he placed it well over the line, thus making a touch, and running the score up to six. Unluckily this touch was not converted, the ball going a little to the right of the posts.

The ball soon passed to St. Andrew's, but owing to offside inter-

ference it again changed over. Palmer kicked, but Ross very deftly caught it, making S. A. C. first down. Nicol now made a good run, but at last, with two Upper Canada men on each leg, he was pulled down.

"Gee!" said a S. A. C. rooter, "Nick gives five straight arms at once, one with each finger."

Now followed a series of kicks, the scrimmages keeping usually pretty well round the centre of the field, until the ball was muffed by Palmer, Bicknell picking it up. Next kick went behind the U. C. C. line, and McGillivray and Montgomery following up closely tackled Garney before he could get out, again raising the score by one. So that when the half time whistle blew a moment later the score stood 7 to 0.

In ten minutes the teams were again on the field, and both seemed determined to play even harder than before, so much so, that after two or three minutes' play, when a S. A. C. man made an unlucky muff, the ball was found to be dangerously near the Saints' line.

Next down the U. C. C. rooters shouted themselves hoarse, and some of the team started to run back. They were doomed to disappointment, however, as a touch had not been made, and soon the ball was again near centre field.

For the remainder of this quarter, although there were a good many sensational rushes made and some good kicking on both sides, there was no score.

Early in the last quarter Risteen hurt his arm badly, and together with Clarkson, of Upper Canada, who had hurt his chest, was forced to leave the field, the losses being greatly felt by both teams.

Ross made a good kick, which was again followed up well by Montgomery and McGillivray, the former making a very good tackle.

The ball for the next few minutes was subject to rapid changes of position.

A good run was made by Bicknell.

Then Nicol, leading a wing buck, made another touch, making the score 12—0. There was at first some doubt whether this touch was converted or not. But as the referee says "No" we abide by his decision.

From now on Upper Canada seemed to have a slight advantage. Palmer's kicking being a feature.

Before long, thanks chiefly to a brilliant rush made by Gonzalus, the blue and white boys made a touch in goal counting one point.

The ball was soon in Upper Canada's possession again. Palmer kicked, and Large, catching it behind the S. A. C. line, was forced to make a rouge, so that Upper Canada now had two points to their credit, with some five minutes more to play. But again, after having kept the ball round the middle of the field, Palmer secured another point by a kick, which made a dead line. Shortly after this the whistle blew, and the game was called, leaving the score 12—3 in favor of St. Andrew's. The line-ups were as follows:

St. Andrew's: Full, Crawford; Halves, Bicknell, Ross, Large; Quarter, Kilgour (Capt.); Scrimmage, Hewitt, Montgomery, Smith; Inside, Foster, Nicol; Middle, Risteen, Wilson; Outside, McGillivray, Allen; Spares, Tupper, Ault, Munroe I.

It would be hard to say who played the best game, as the whole team did well. But among the features were Ross' kicking and rushes, and the brilliant tackles made by McGillivray and Montgomery.

Upper Canada: Full, Garney; Halves, R. H. Heintzman, L. H. Gonzalus, C. H. Palmer (Capt.); Quarter, Tuck; R. Inside, Welsh, L. Dennehey; R. Middle, Brown, L. Crowther; R. Outside, Clark, L. Clarkson. In this team Palmer starred, while Clark and Clarkson, the right and left outside wings, did well.

When the players had been carried in (or at least those who were not too heavy), coffee and tea, with biscuits, were served by Mr. Bishop. The only thing to mar the pleasure of this little "pink tea party" was that the host was not present in person.

Shortly after, the Tally-ho, containing the boys in blue and white, drove away amid the cheers of both players and on-lookers.

D. W. MacKeen.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

THE rugby match with Trinity College was played at Port Hope on October 22nd. The weather conditions were very unfavorable, a strong wind blowing down the field, while the field itself, owing to recent rains, was a veritable quagmire.

T. C. S. won the toss, and elected to play with the wind. Nicol lead the first buck and gained the necessary yards. T. C. S. stole the ball on the second down. Their kick was caught by Crawford, who made a good run to near the 25-yard line. On the third down Ross made a sensational kick, the ball coming to rest behind Trinity's dead line.

This score against the wind put T. C. S. on their mettle, and shortly after, when a St. Andrew's back muffed a pass, McCauly dribbled the ball over the line, in this way securing a try, which he converted. There was no more scoring till the second quarter, which went in favor of St. Andrew's, Ross kicking two dead lines; so that at half time T. C. S. had six points to St. Andrew's three. Thus far the play was even, and it was doubtful who would be victorious.

Early in the third quarter Nicol strained his ankle, and, though he gamely played till full time, he was not able to do any bucking, which was a great loss to St. Andrew's T. C. S. now made two dead lines, which raised the score to 8—3 at the end of the third quarter.

In the last fifteen minutes St. Andrew's had the wind, and everyone expected to see them run up a big score. Risteen, however, hurt his shoulder, which weakened the wing line considerably. A dead line was kicked by Ross, but the T. C. S. bucks proved too much for the St. Andrew's line, and another touchdown was recorded for T. C. S., which McCauly converted. This made the Trinity score fourteen, which they maintained till full time.

The line-up was: Full, Crawford; Halves, Ross, Bicknell, Large; Quarter, Kilgour; Scrimmage, Smith, Montgomery, Hewitt; I. Wings, Nicol, Foster; M. Wings, Wilson, Risteen; Outside Wings, Tupper, McGillivray.

The Second Team

SO far as winning games goes, the second team did not enjoy a very successful season.

The first match was played with Pickering College. This match was not a very good exhibition of rugby, partly because it was played so early in the season that there was no team work to speak of, and partly because there was a high wind blowing, which considerably upset all attempts at kicking. The score at full time was eight all.

Two weeks later we played T. C. S. Like their first team the T. C. S. seconds combined weight with speed, and although the game was fast from start to finish, when the whistle blew at full time the score was 20—11.

Highfield first team was played next, and after a hard game St. Andrew's finished victorious with the score 10—9. During the game both Monroe and Junor were rendered *hors de combat,* which considerably weakened the back division.

The Upper Canada match was played on the latter's grounds, and from St. Andrew's point of view this match proved disastrous, our team being outclassed both in team work and individual play. The score was 20—1.

The last match was the return with Highfield. At half time things looked bright, as St. Andrew's was ahead 2—1. In the second half, however, Highfield secured a touch, through a kick, which, hitting our scrimmage, made their men onside; a Highfield wing man promptly collared the ball, and being behind the line secured a touchdown. Later Highfield made a rouge, which gave them in all 7 points. The field was muddy and heavy, therefore very little running could be done by either side.

To pick the star players for the season would be a difficult matter. Munroe as quarter proved a pillar of strength, while Junor and Ambrose invariably played a good game.

The line-up is as follows: Full, Mitchell; Halves, Somerville, Large, Junor; Quarter, Munroe I. (Capt.); Scrimmage, Firstbrook, MacKeen; Wings, Ault Ross, Ambrose Somerville, Allen, Campbell.

The team wishes to thank the manager for his hard painstaking work during the season.

D. W. MacKeen.

Third Team

THE thirds have had altogether a successful season, having lost but one out of four games played, and that by three points. The good work done by the team is largely due to Paterson II., whose able captaincy and management accomplished much.

The initial game of the year was with the Invaders, which resulted in a victory for the Saints by 12—1. The Thirds lacked team work and an efficient kicker. In this game Cassells and Wright starred for S. A. C.

The next game was with the old time rivals—Upper Canada. This game resulted 9—6 in favor of the blue and white. This was the only game in which the Thirds suffered defeat, although they put up a stubborn fight and contested every yard. Again the Thirds lacked a "booter." Stokes made some sensational half-back runs.

St. Clement's were the next opponents, and they were beaten by 5—0. Lockhart's kicking was the feature of this game.

The season was closed with St. Catharines High School. The opponents had a much heavier team, but the speed and trick play more than balanced this. The game ended in a complete victory for the Saints 16—5, largely due to Lockhart, whose kicking was perfect, and to the long passes of the quarter, Paterson II.

The team was: Full, Lockhart; Halves, Marshall II., Nation, Stokes; Quarter, Paterson II. (Capt.); Scrimmage, Paterson III., Black, Young; Wings, Fraser, Sharp, Mitchell I., Wright I., Cassels I., Malone; Spare, Spohn.

G. H. SPOHN.

Lower School

THIS year the Lower School Rugby Team was very successful. On Monday, September 27th, we played the Models. Masson and Bateman I. tackled excellently all through the game, and at half time we were ahead 5—0. Next half Thompson punted well, winning the game for us. At full time we were ahead by 12—5.

On Wednesday, October 12th, we played St. Clement's College. Masson and Herald were the star tacklers. Ostrom made excellent rushes, making three touchdowns. Allen, the left inside wing, led his bucks right through our opponents. Munn I. punted very well. All the team worked hard, and at full time we led 22—6.

On October 20th we played Upper Canada College on our own grounds. Munn I's. kicking was very good. At half time we were ahead 6—0, while at full time we led 9—5. Whitaker III., Masson, Whitaker II. and Scott II. tackled the best through the game. Hunter and Allen led their bucks very well, and Might's tackling was a help.

On November the first we played Ridley College at St. Catharines. Our single rushes went past their line every time. Scott II. and Munn starred, while Herald and Taylor II. did some good tackling.

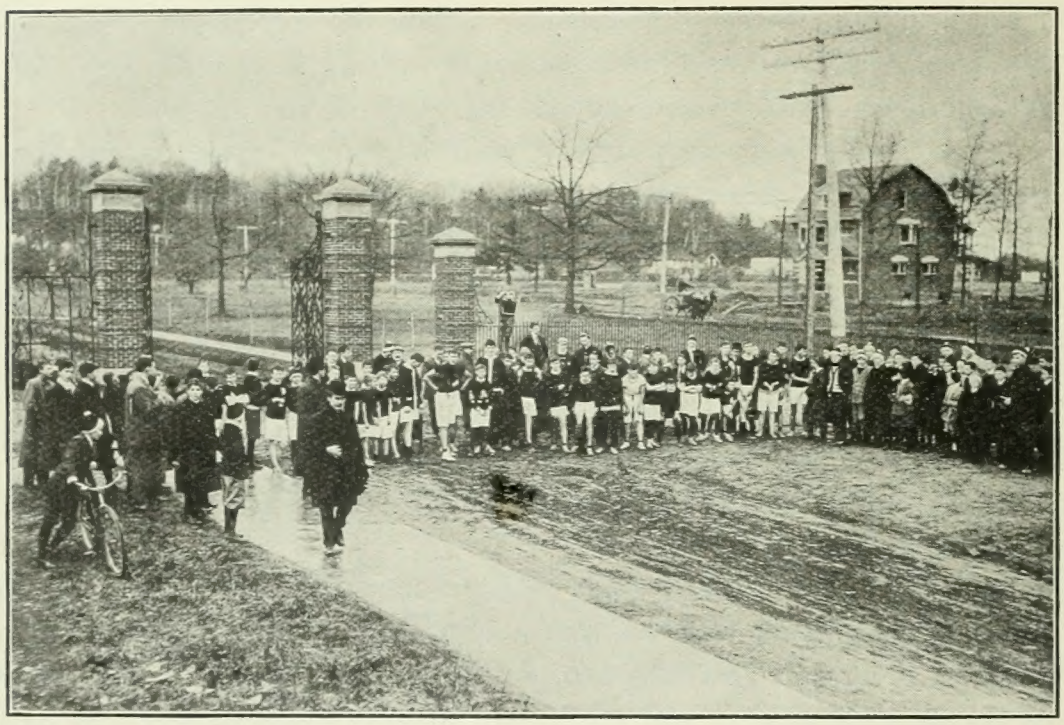
On November 15th we met Upper Canada in a return game on their grounds, and here we met a surprise. Upper Canada had a very good team. The ball was in their part of the field the whole of the game, but they put up a very stubborn resistance. At half time they were ahead 6—4, and the score remained the same at the end.

The line-up is as follows: Centre Scrimmage, Might; Left Scrimmage, Thompson; Right Scrimmage, McLaren; Left Inside, Hunter; Right Inside, Allen; Left Middle, Taylor II.; Right Middle, Herald; Left Outside, Whitaker III.; Right Outside Masson (Manager); Quarter, Whitaker II. (Captain); Left Half, Gordon II.; Right Half, Ostrom; Centre Half, Scott II.; Full Back, Munn I.

The Senior Cross Country Run

THE annual cross country run was held on November 25th. The day was not all that might be desired, a heavy rain rendering the ground slippery and making running hard.

Sutherland was the picked winner, and he lived up to everyone's expectations, covering the six miles in 32 minutes, 1 second, which, though not as fast a time as Skead set last year, was very good under the circumstances.



Bicknell came second in 32 mins., 45 sec., winning the silver medal, while Montgomery captured the bronze medal for third place in 32 mins., 50 secs. Although Sutherland was first from start to finish, yet many other places were closely contested.

The first eleven to finish after Montgomery were: Scott I., time, 34:2; Dimmock II., 35:20; Johnston I., 35:28; Fraser, 35:29; McClinton, 37:17; Skinner, 37:19; Scott, 37:29; Rolph II., 37:30; Mosley, 37:40; Hoefler, 38:5; Davison IV., 38:19.

D. W. MacKeen.

The Junior House Cross Country

AT seven minutes past four on the 29th of November, the Junior House cross country run started at the north gate of the college. The weather was anything but favorable, and, considering that and the state of the ground, the time was excellent.

After 17½ minutes of ploughing through slush and snow, Allen II. touched the tape at the finish. He is to be congratulated on the time he made, and well deserves the silver medal awarded as first prize. Half a minute later, Skinner I. came in and pluckily won the bronze medal for second place. Scott finished close at his heels, winning the III A cake. Malcolm III. was next in the finish, and won the First Form cake given by Mr. Harris, while the Second Form dainty was well deserved by Ernest Rolph. Thompson II. won the cake given by Mr. Wilson for the winner at his table, while Whitaker III. won the table cake given by Mr. Harris. McIvor succeeded in capturing the cake very kindly donated by Mr. Knighton. Herald was awarded the III. B. cake, and last, but not least, Harris won the Prep. Form cake given by Mr. Wilson.

All the contestants are to be warmly congratulated on the excellent showing made over a rough and difficult course on slippery ground, and the fact that twenty-three out of twenty-four finished is worthy of special mention and praise.

R. H. G.

Some Football Reminiscences

THE real beginning of the rugby season occurred when, one Thursday afternoon in September, Dr. Macdonald called for volunteers from the first team to go to Guelph to play O. A. C. the next Saturday. Just then someone started a rumor of a chicken dinner at Macdonald Hall, so take it for granted that everyone volunteered.

On the way up on the train, we must have given the news agent the impression that we were tight, for, even though he distributed a box of chocolates gratis, we all kept strict training. (N.B.—Herbie made us throw the chocolates out the window.) At Georgetown we

got out and freshened our memories on the signals by a little practice on the platform, after which the backs indulged in some passing, and one of them (an old color too) insisted on putting the pigskin through a window, with subsequent unpleasant results to an elderly gentleman at the other side. Press photographer Foster was on hand at once.

Since we arrived at the college some time before the hour fixed for dinner, after we had inspected the swimming tank and been put out of the gym. because we had boots on, we visited the museum to see a world-famous collection of wax fruit.

As the team passed between a double line of students to the dining hall we heard someone confide to his neighbor: "Gosh, Hiram, they don't look very husky." For the dessert course of the meal we were served with deep apple pie. Everyone turned to the captain, who replied, "Easy on the pastry, boys, and spit out the seeds."

The game was a most enjoyable one from our standpoint, especially as there was a full turnout from Macdonald Hall on one side of the field. It was noticed that all the spectacular play occurred on that side.

The next time we were the centres of attraction it was before the elite of the city against U. C. C. Owing to the rather too hearty smile on the face of Old Sol, the water pail was much sought after by the players. A feminine voice was heard to exclaim: "Oh, the dirty things, one wiped his face in the water and another's taking a drink." Just after one of the boys in blue had been assisted off the field, and while another was being brought to, one of the U. C. C. rooters struck a bright thought and yelled, "Keep it up, fellows, they're all in."

On the trip to T. C. S. we began the day by nearly losing Mr. Harris, who was rescued from a wrong train as he was just starting for North Bay. At the Port Hope station we were met by two old college boys, Symons and Fisken, who hailed the manager with, "Hello, Freddie, what are you, water boy?" We spent the time before lunch by trying to smash the lights in the gym. with a football. The game at T. C. S. was by far the most damaging of all the games, as is amply attested by sprained ankles and wrists and a black eye apiece among the scrim.

While the team were donning their uniforms preparatory to

meeting the orange and black, Dr. Macdonald voiced a query as to our being physically and mentally fit. The mentally was unanimously agreed upon, but it was a shame the way the managers were passing out bandages.

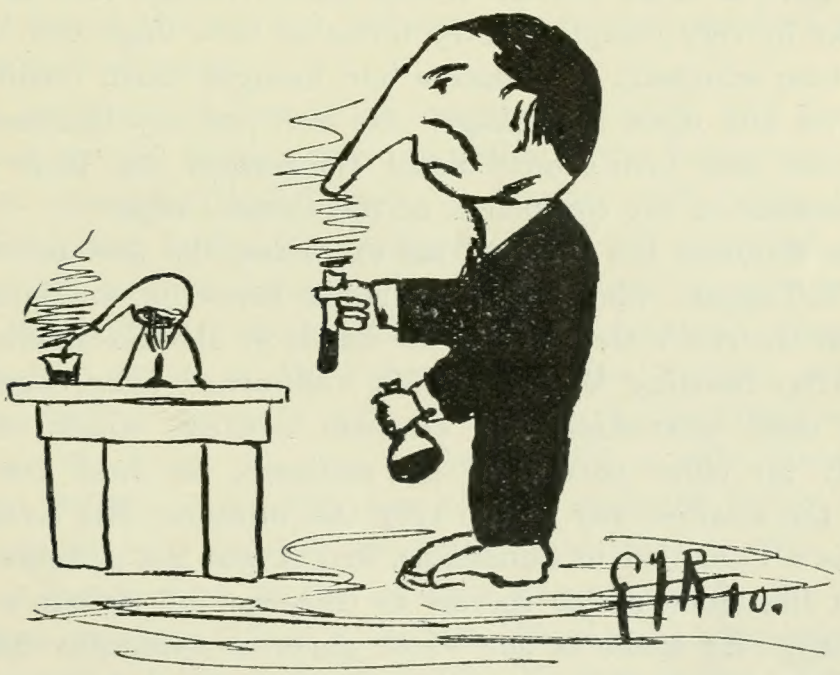
The game at Ridley was played in the best possible spirit by both teams. Whenever a Ridley man happened to run foul of an opponent, he said, "I'm sorry," and the college team paid a great tribute to their sportsmanship by doing the same thing.

During the game we lacked nothing in the way of rooters, as we had imported with us the Junior House, who succeeded in making each fellow feel that he was the individual star of the game.

After the game we were served with cocoa and sandwiches in the college, but the real "grub fight" occurred when the train waited for twenty-five minutes at Hamilton.

The tedium of the journey from Tigerville to Toronto was alleviated by numerous vocal renderings to the inspiring strains of organ music (organs being of the mouth variety), until finally at 8.15 we arrived, and Toronto was made aware of the fact that, even though we had formerly tasted defeat, S. A. C. were strong finishers, and also of the fact that the pigskin would next be seen at S. A. C. in September, 1911.

HEWITT.



THE FATE OF THE SCIENCE MASTER.

Miscellany

The Annual Distribution of Prizes

A SOMEWHAT radical desparture was this year made from the usual order of proceedings attendant upon the presentation of prizes for the year's work. Owing to the fact that his Excellency, Earl Grey, could be with us only for a few hours in the morning, the hour was set for eleven o'clock. Notwithstanding the difficulties besetting such a time, a great many friends of the college filled the Assembly Hall, and the whole ceremony passed off quite as successfully as when held during the afternoon.

As is customary, the programme was opened with a short service, and the singing of the college hymn. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, as President of the College, then gave a very cordial address of welcome, in which he referred touchingly to the death of our beloved King, Edward the Seventh, and welcomed Earl Grey as the representative of his successor to the throne. The headmaster's address afterwards followed, in which Dr. Macdonald gave a brief resumé of the year's doings and progress. He spoke in very complimentary terms of both Vogt and McTaggart, whose scholastic attainments had brought much credit upon themselves and upon the college. He also publicly thanked Lord Strathcona and Lieutenant-Colonel Gooderham for their generous assistance in the equipment of the Cadet Corps.

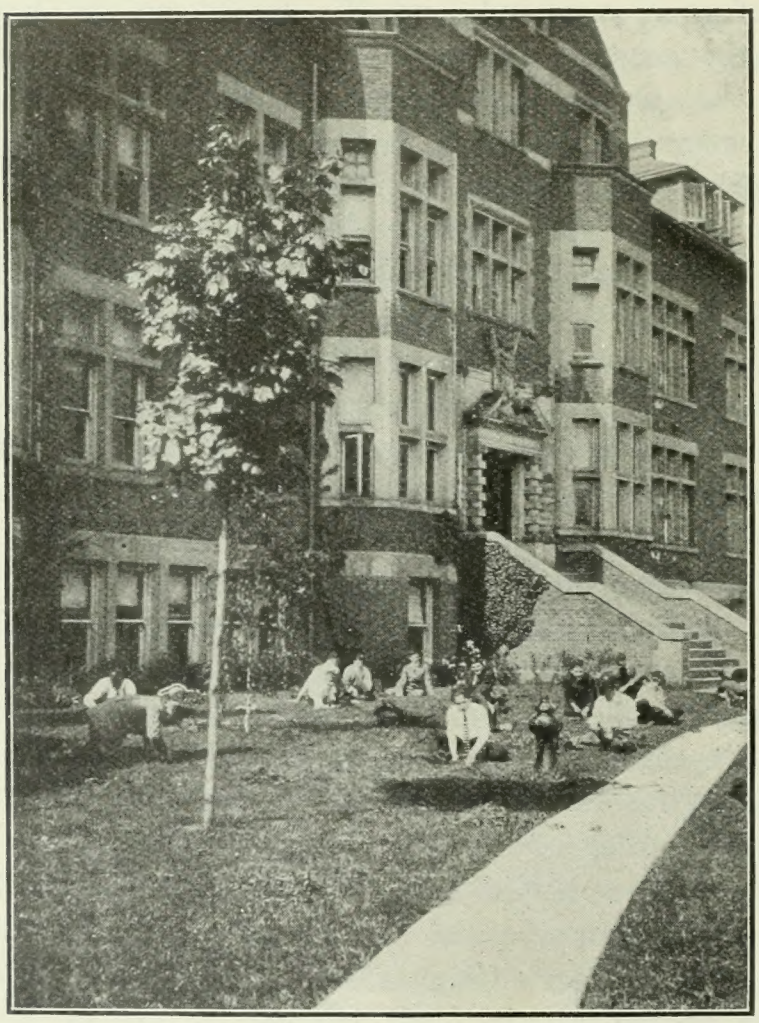
Then followed the presentation of prizes, the first on the list being McTaggart who had the double honor of receiving the Governor-General's medal from the hands of His Excellency himself. After handing McTaggart his well-earned prize, Earl Grey gave a most interesting and eloquent address, which charmed not only the older portion of his audience, but held the attention of the smallest boy to the very last minute. His Excellency spoke as a Canadian to Canadians, and it was not difficult to see wherein lies much of his success as Governor of Britain's greatest colony. He spoke as one whose generous sympathy has been the "Open Sesame" to Canadian hearts, not as a mere representative of the Crown with his larger interests far beyond the

seas. It is very discernible that his heart is right here in the land over which he presides as chief Administrator. He spoke of the great consolidating influence of a college whose students comprise boys from coast to coast, and from many distant ports, both British and foreign. He dwelt chiefly on the quality of strength, which is to be derived from such an institution as Saint Andrew's. Love and Peace, he affirmed, are essential to the making of a great nation, when the nation is crowned with strength, and he exhorted all St. Andrew's College boys to preserve the British tradition of fair play in every branch of sport. The future of the country depends upon its youths and on the quality of their manhood, and His Excellency emphasized most strongly the constant necessity for truth, courage, and honesty. Courtesy, he said, is the mark of the great man, discourtesy of the little man. It seemed a happy coincidence that the day set for the prize-giving should be Trafalgar Day—a day so full of memories of the great Nelson, whom he held up as one whose bravery, loyalty and honesty made him worthy of all honor.

His Excellency's address was followed with the presentation of the Wyld Prize, awarded to Vogt, and presented by Dr. Falconer, who made a brief but very taking speech. Vogt was then again called forward and presented with the President's gold medal, handed him by Mrs. Gibson, who in turn received a beautiful bouquet of roses.

The proficiency prizes were presented in order, and the honor lists read by the Headmaster. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor then presented McGillivray and Davison with prizes of some very handsome books for proficiency in rifle shooting at the Ranges, his address being full of humor and cleverness, after which Mrs. Grasett, on behalf of the St. George's Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, presented Davison with a splendid rifle as a reward for proficiency in shooting. Goodman was also presented with a rifle, donated by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and handed to him by Mrs. Robert Wilson. Prizes given by the Literary Society and by the Review were then awarded, after which Dr. Macdonald announced that a yearly half holiday, to be known for all time as the "Earl Grey half holiday," was to be observed as a tribute of appreciation to

Earl Grey for his kindly interest in the college during his term as Governor-General. This pleasing intelligence was followed by the singing of the national anthem, after which the distinguished visitors were entertained by the Headmaster and Mrs. Macdonald in their residence, and the many friends of the boys were served with light refreshment in the dining hall.



"O You Dandelions!"

Cadet Corps

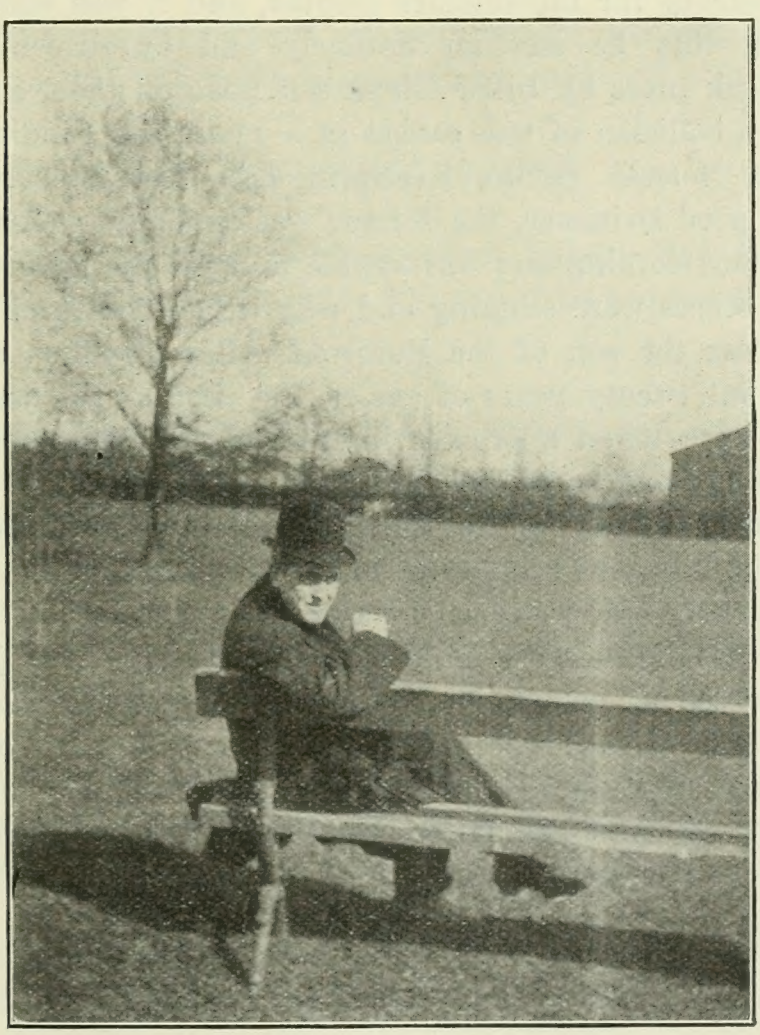
THIS year promises to be one of the best in the history of the Cadet Corps.

We are very lucky in having again Sergeant Glover as Instructor, as he has done such splendid work for the corps during the last two years.

We have already had the pleasure of being Guard of Honor to His Excellency Earl Grey. We have also made a public appearance in the Garrison Parade, where the Cadets performed most creditably.

The officers for the year are: Captain, J. W. Bicknell; Lieutenants, 1st, Nicol, 2nd, MacGillivray; Color-Sergeant, Davison I; Sergeants, Risteen I., Dunning, Sutherland I. and Ross I.; Corporals, Junor, Montgomery, Scott I., Foster; Lance-Corporals, Young, Lock and Courtney.

J. W. B.



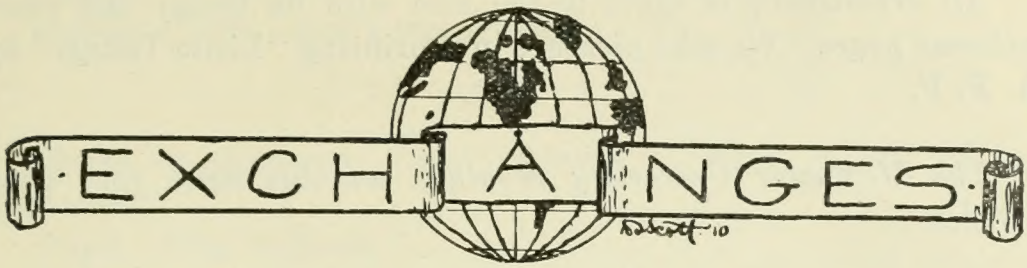
"Herby Allen, We've Been Thinking."

Obituary

SINCE the closing of college for the summer vacation in June last, our list of Old Boys has been diminished by two, owing to the tragic death of Paul Findlay, and to the more recent demise of Russell Hamilton, who left school in June, 1901, and who in late years was following his chosen life on the stage.

Paul Ewart Findlay left St. Andrew's in June, 1907, going almost immediately to a lumber camp at Arrowhead, B.C., for the benefit of his health. In October of the following year he took a position on the staff of the *Ottawa Free Press* as reporter, where he was most successful. It was his intention to enter Queen's University this autumn for an Arts course, preparatory to studying for the ministry. He secured a position on a Government survey for the summer months, and it was while on this expedition that he met an untimely end by drowning. The tragedy took place on Little Playgreen Lake on the Nelson, when owing to a collision of two canoes in a rough sea Findlay and an Indian of Norway House, Keewatin, both lost their lives. Although a good swimmer, the former was probably weighted down by his heavy clothing and was unable to make the upturned canoe to which others were clinging and who were afterwards rescued.

Paul was the son of the Reverend Allan Findlay, of Barrie, and was but twenty years of age at the time of his death. Few old boys have taken a greater interest in the doings of the college than he, and, notwithstanding the demands of a busy life, he very often found time to send items of interest to the REVIEW. He had the knack of keeping in touch with many of the Old Boys and frequently sent welcome news of those who had drifted from our ken. His keen sense of humor and his love of a joke made him an excellent companion. He will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends who mourn the sad end to a life of unusual promise and usefulness, and to his bereaved family the REVIEW extends the deepest sympathy, especially at this season of gladness, when the empty places in the home-circle are so sadly apparent.



THE *College World,* a new publication which reviews the life and activities in all the North American Universities and Colleges, is a very welcome exchange.

The Varsity, with its excellent accounts of the big football games and good illustrations, is always very welcome.

The Black and Red, from University School, Victoria, is a rather neat paper. But why not have a story or two?

The Arbor is up to its usual high standard.

The Argo, from Rutger's Preparatory School, New Brunswick, New Jersey, is rather attractive, but would be improved by a few good cuts.

The Ashburian, of Ashbury College, Ottawa, is a very neat and attractive little magazine. It publishes some excellent and artistic head-pieces, and would be still further improved by a few illustrations.

Vox Collegii is an interesting magazine, well-illustrated and full of interesting news.

The Mirror, from the Central High School of Philadelphia, is most attractively illustrated, and is from start to finish a first-class school paper.

The Collegiate Outlook, from Moose Jaw, has several good stories and essays. It is a welcome addition to our exchange column.

Alt Heidelberg is again to the fore with its breezy and ever-welcome pages. We take pleasure in reprinting "Little Things" by A. F. F.

The McMaster University Monthly contains some very good articles.

The following are the exchanges so far received. We hope to be able to report more in our next number: *The Arbor,* Toronto University; *Varsity,* Toronto University; *The Calendar,* Buffalo Central High School; *Queen's University Journal,* Queen's University, Kingston; *The Black and Red,* University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Vox Collegii,* Ontario Ladies College, Whitby; *Alt Heidelberg,* Heidelberg, Germany; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *The Argo,* Rutger's Preparatory School, New Brunswick, New Jersey; *Lux Columbiana,* Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Quill,* Alcium Preparatory School, New York; *The Collegiate Outlook,* Moose Jaw, Sask.

Cribbed from the Exchanges

MARY had a hobble skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.

"This is my trial trip," commented the drunk as they chucked him into the police patrol.

First Boy: "I'm getting tough, I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday and it scared me to death."

Second Boy: "That's not unusual. It always takes my breath away."

In the spring a young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.
But in the fall with cleated footgear
He boots the pigskin high above.

Dentist (to patient): "Will you have gas or chloroform?"
Patient: "Oh, I don't care, ether!"

Heard in Geometry Class.—Teacher: "What is half of the diameter?"
Pupil: "The radiator."
Second Pupil: "Now you're getting hot."

His hand near'd hers, he whispered low,
She heaved a little sigh,
And gently put her hand in his,
"Fares please!" She'd heard him cry.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to hit her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired: "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?"
"Yes."
"Den hold the cow yourself," said Cuffee.—*Ex.*

A man, who was sentenced to be hung, was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"
"No," he replied.
"That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."—*Ex.*

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on de railroad."
"Why, Joe."
"Kase ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' an' run rite in!"—*Ex.*

A recent advertisement contains the following startling information:
"If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's store, he will hear something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it."—*Ex.*

Different Points of View.

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice): "Only fancy, mamma, Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond Street, and there was a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who had been thrown to a lot of tigers and lions who were devouring them!" Ethel (with more sympathy): "Yes, and mamma dear, there was one poor tiger that hadn't got a Christian."—*Ex.*

Enthusiasm.

Anxious Messenger: "Say, fireman, there's another fire broken out up the street."

New Recruit: "All right, old chap; keep her going till we finish this one!"—*Ex.*

A fussy old widow named Pease,
Thought her house was infested with fleas,
  So she used gasoline,
  And her form was last seen
Sailing over the tops of the trees.—*Ex.*

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
  To make sure of that,
  He gave it a pat,
They buried his clothes—what a pity!—*Ex.*

A decrepit old gas man named Peter
While hunting around for the meter,
  Touched a leak with his light;
  He arose out of sight,
And as anyone can see by reading this
It also destroyed the meter.—*Ex.*

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirtfront.—*Ex.*

Sausages to His Majesty.

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card.

Number One then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling could not be guaranteed.

Number Two's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the King."

In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words: "God Save the King."—*Ex.*

Little Things.

Just a little late for meal-times, when the bell has finished ringing;
Just a little bit of shirking of the work you have to do;
Just a small ill-tempered grumble at a rule or order given;
Just a passing without protest of a tale that is not true.

Just a game of cards forbidden; just a small amount of betting;
Just a little bad example to the young ones and the weak;
Just a silly bit of sneering at the thing that's right and noble;
Just a smile of weak approval for the bully or the sneak.

And you call these peccadilloes, and you say it does not matter,
They are only little failings, and are very very mild.
But the world around is calling for a man to help and guide it,
And it finds in you the actions of a feeble unformed child.

Can you call it unimportant, can you say such things are trifles,
When the world, the whole world, suffers for a wrong deed that is done;
And the whole world is the better for a deed that's good and manly,
For a small temptation conquered, for the moral battle won?

There are those who on the river and the playing field are victors;
There are those who soar with honor on their intellectual wings;
But the one who wins the hero's laurel crown of highest honor
Is the boy who's conscientious in the little little things.

—*A. F. F., in Alt Heidelberg.*

A negro was arrested in Atlanta on a charge of vagrancy and brought before Judge Broyles.

"Why, Sam, is this you? What have they arrested you for?"

"Nothin', Jedge, 'ceptin' fragrancy."—*Ex.*

Father: "What did you learn to-day, my son?"

Boy: "I learned sumthin' called guzzinto."

Father: "Guzzinto?"

Boy: "Yep."

Father: "Well, what is guzzinto?"

Boy: "Why 2 guzzinto 4, and 4 guzzinto 8.

Recipes.

Bread Pudding.—Take a lot of chunks of bread that have been pretty well manhandled at table for the past week and dump them into a bucket of water overnight. In the morning pour off the water and take out the sloppy mess, placing it in a pan. Throw a few currants at it and stick in oven. Serve in little saucers and slobber it over with the most sickly-looking vanilla sauce you can invent. Put it down on the bill of fare as Meringue Flossee a la Reine. No, thanks! Not having any just now.

To Sweeten Butter.—Sometimes butter gets a strong taste after being in the house a little while. When this happens, melt the butter and let it come to a nice boil. While still bubbling in the pan, convey it into dining-room and pour carefully down neck of boarder who made the roar.

Cold Porridge.—Take the porridge and place it on roof of house. Let it gently chill for half an hour. Served with skimmed milk, this makes a savory dish, for those who like cold porridge.

Fruit before Breakfast.—A lemon is undoubtedly the healthiest fruit on an empty stomach. An ingenious way to prepare it in palatable form is to squeeze the lemon into a tall thin glass, add two spoonfuls of sugar, a heaping glass of Tom Gin and half a bottle of soda. It makes a delicious stomach tonic and is strongly recommended by drunkards.

Two Good College Yells.

With a Ve-Vo
With a ve-vo! With a vi-vo!
With a ve-vo, vi-vo, vum!
Bum! Get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap!
Bum! Get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap!
Cannibal! Cannibal! Sis, boom, bah!
Central! Central! Rah, rah, rah!

Ye-Ha.

Ye-ha, ye-ha! Ye-ha, ha-ha!
Central, Central! Rah, rah, rah!
Central, Central, is our cry.
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!

"No matter how hungry a horse is he can't eat a bit."
"In that case he has to 'curb' his appetite."

Cool and Collected—the ice bill.

Curious Charley: "Do nuts grow on trees, Father?"
Father: "They do, my son."
Curious Charley: "Then what trees do the doughnuts grow on?"
Father: "The pantry, my son."

Scene—Toronto Union Station.
Hotel Porter to young man: "Prince George, sir?"
Young Man: "No, Smith, Bill Smith."

A yacht can stand on a tack in silence, but a man isn't built like a yacht.

The boarder had just finished his fifth cup of coffee when the maid remarked: "Mr. Smith, you must be very fond of coffee?"

"It would seem so," he replied, "when I am willing to drink so much water to get such a little taste."

A sleeper from the Amazon,
Put nighties of his gra'mazon;
The reason, that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.

A certain young fellow named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phoebe.
"But," said he, "I must see
What the clerical fee
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebe."

There once was a young man named Tate,
Who dined with his girl, at eight-eight.
But I scorn to relate
What that young man named Tate
And his tete-a-tete ate at eight-eight.

She purchased a beautiful trousseau,
'Twas hasty and foolish to dousseau,
For the man she would wed
Has gone clean off his head—
That's why the poor maiden boohousseau.

There was an old maiden from Fife,
Who had never been kissed in her life;
Along came a cat,
And she said, "I'll kiss that!"
But the cat answered, "Not on your life."

A husky young man who could punt,
Saw a hat and a chance for a stunt,
But inside was a brick,
And his beautiful kick
Made his foot an inch shorter in front.

Customer: "You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy!"

Newsboy: "I am out of practice, sir. Most of the gents says, keep the change."

"You seem a little hoarse to-day."
"Neigh, neigh."

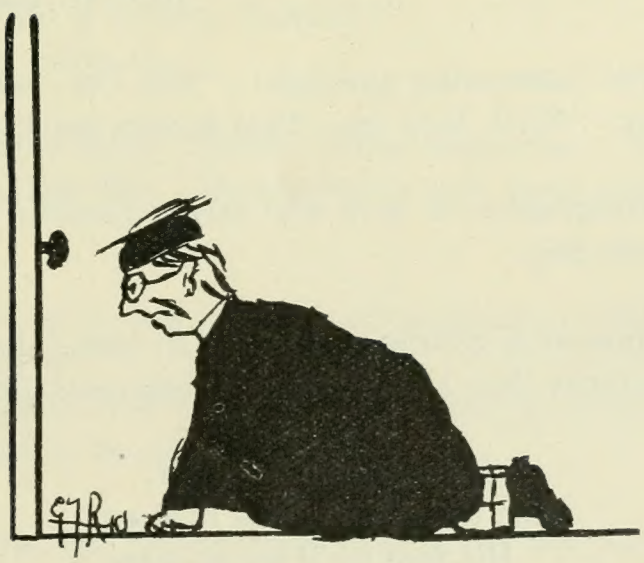
Bright Eyes: "I am going back to college to-morrow."
She: "Some chance now of my getting to bed before twelve o'clock."

Traveller (to village barber): "How much more have you got to cut?"
Barber: "Only the front, sir."
Traveller: "Well, hurry up before it grows on the back again."

Hobble, hobble little skirt,
How I wonder what you are,
Or whatever you would do
If you had to catch a car.

Carpenter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"
Assistant: "I did. It was quarter past ten."

"They met within the darkened hall,
He said, 'I've brought some roses.'
Her answer seemed irrelevant,
It was, 'How cold your nose is.'"



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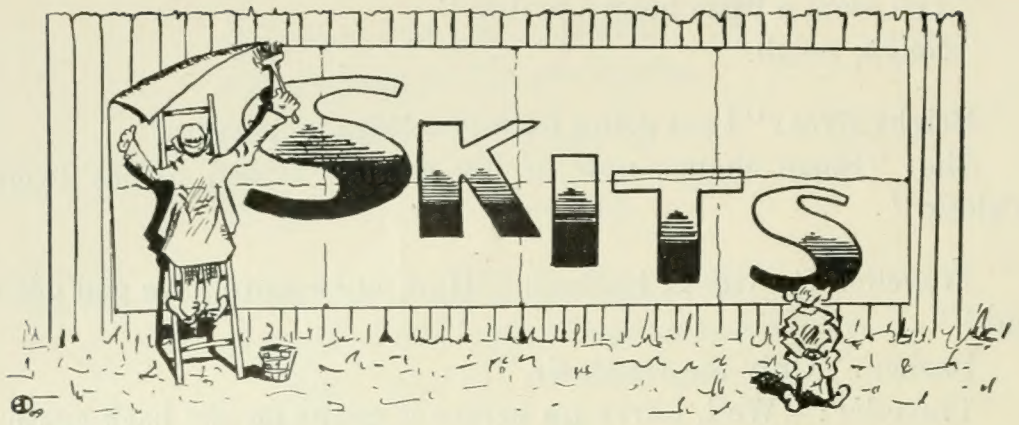

FREDDIE Davison to Scott, after lights: "Say, Veggie, are you going to roll up in a neck-tie and sleep on the molding to-night?"

Mr. K. (in Science class): "X molecules here, and X molecules there give 2X molecules."

Davison: "Xactly."

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

Eby Sutherland to McFarland: "When I am a prefect, I shall ignore you."

—Review, Easter, 1908.

Lightbourne (answering question): "Sir, Um—um—ah—"

Mr. Taylor: "Well, keep on. That is very good, so far."

Physical Geography—A man who carries Landice is an ice-man and is therefore drip.

Veggie thinks he is getting real fat. "At least," he says, "there is some one thinner than I am. Porter weighs only 107 pounds."

A Suggested Epitaph.

Mr. Knighton's gone to sleep.
His face we'll see no more.
What he drank for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

Mr. Tudball: "Paterson, are you chewing gum or candy?"
Paterson I.: "Both, sir."
Mr. T.: "Well take two hours for each."

King of the Boneyard—Veggie Scott.

Mr. T. (in Ancient History): "One of the chief points with the Greeks was that they did not go in for frills as the Romans did." (Loud laughter.) "By frills, I mean those useless bits of ornament."

Mr. Taylor (in L. VI.): "When I excuse you at the end of a period you must be back before the period is over."

Ross II. (referee in thirds' game): "Last down, St. Andrew's! Hurry up! You have to buck."

Tubby: "Have you got a thumb-tack?"
Veggy: "No, use your finger-nail."

J. K. Wilson (to Toady): "Wouldn't it be awful if I caught typhoid fever and was never seen by mortal eye again?"

Mr. K.: "What is quartz, Bicknell?"
Bick.: "Two pints, sir."

From an enthusiastic History Notes supporter: "Gee, Foster can read those jokes fine. He sometimes says three words without a mistake."

Miss M. (to Denton, who is crying on the stairs): "Why, Denton, what is the matter?"
Denton (between sobs): "My father—wants me to be a lawyer—and—I—I—want to be an undertaker."

Foster: "Now, you fellows, clap when I read the history notes."

Messenger Boy (looking at the Detention sheet): "Gee, are those the marks that you fellers make here?"

Our Freddie.

Now Freddie is a little man,
With temper fast and quick;
He dearly loves to punch big Fat,
And talk to tiny Nick.

He hates to hear departed Pete
Say, "Shoot the nickel, Bo."
But when somebody tickles him
He's sure to laugh and crow.

He's got a cackle for a laugh,
Some people think it funny;
But when it comes to fussing—well,
He has a smile most sunny.

Dear little man, with all your faults,
We sure do love you still,
And when it comes to managers,
You hit a pace to kill.

Mr. Fleming (seeing "V.B., the Nobility of S. A. C.," written on classroom board): "Nobility, eh!" "The people who won't work."

Spohn has decided to write no more compositions on dogs, as he feels itchy.

"Mitchell the Monk."

The only living chimpanzee in North America, in captivity in Room 17, to be seen at all times. Perfectly tame and harmless. Both his front fangs have been extracted and also the poison has been taken from his molars. All nails are cut daily, and there is no fear of scratching. The keepers of his cage are slowly but surely taming him. He has learned to wear clothes and talk. Almost human and able to walk on his hind legs. Mitchell I. is his name.

Mitchell I. (looking at Mrs. McDonald's dog): "Here Mike! Here Mike!"

GIFTS
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"Discount to Students"

EDWIN T. BERKINSHAW, 348 Yonge

Freddie Davison (with his first team sweater on, going into every room): "Has anybody seen Webster?"

Stokes decided to get his hair cut to see if that would make any difference to the length of his bed.

AND SO IT WAS.

Conductor: "How old are you?"
Boy: "You have no right to ask such an impertinent question."
Conductor: "Excuse me, but it is a fare question."

Master: "How do you spell needle?"
Boy: "Neidle."
Master: "What's the i for?"
Boy: "To put the cotton through, of course."

Can you prove that a bee-hive is a bad potato? If not, see how it is done:

A bee-hive is a bee-holder,
A beholder is a spectator,
A specked tater is a bad potato.

Most people do not expect the Mexican revolution to succeed unless the President Diaz.

Mr. F.: "Boys, you are to do all the questions that you can't do."

Tucker: "I say, Mickleborough, if you are sitting on a donkey's back, what fruit do you resemble?"
Mick.: "I don't know."
Tucker: "Why, a pear, of course."

1st Boy: "It was a dreadful day yesterday. It blowed and it—"
Master: "It 'blowed' is not proper. Say, 'it blew.'"
1st Boy: "It blew and it snew awfully."

Brown I.: "Why is hitting Aspen like running away?"
Tucker: "Because you are beating it."

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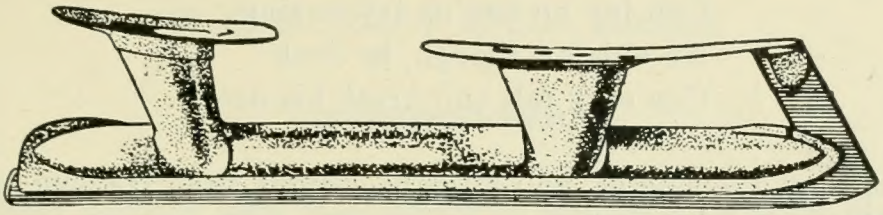

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Gymnasium Director, St. Andrew's College
Toronto, Ont.

WHERE THEY DIFFER.

A chicken with a broken wing,
Can lay an egg or try to sing,
An aviator, though, by heck!
Can only fall and break his neck.

Moissant, the aviator, will attempt a flight from Havana to Key West, but whether he will succeed or not is a Key Westion.

Mr. Duff: "Give me an example of a concrete noun?"
Ault (inspired): "Sidewalk."

Cotton: "Can you lend me a match?"
Hasty: "What's your security?"

Nicol is looking for a sparring partner. Any boy wanting the job call at room 20 between 4 and 5.

Dimple Ferguson: "The ballet dancer hopes to give the 'Lit.' a treat very soon."

John K. Wilson: "Whenever you see a ball rolling up a hill it's Meredith."

Large is expert at jumping trains, but he got left at Coldwell.

J. C. Gordon (after bath): "Gee, I feel about eight pounds lighter."

Stokes applied for a bath ticket to Mr. Taylor, but he had none in stock.

We notice room 32 have been exhibiting their Peter Pan Club Pins. Don't miss them.

Bud: "I rode clean over a bottle when I was biking yesterday and fairly smashed it."
Aspen: "Punctured badly, eh?"
Bud: "Punctured! It was a bluebottle. Didn't I say that."

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Putting off the day when you will make application for a life insurance policy will, on consideration, be seen to be a most shortsighted line of action.

It is shortsighted because the sound risk of to-day may be the unsound risk of to-morrow. One's own determination is not the only thing to be considered, and to-morrow, owing to your illness, or some accidental occurrence, the Company may have to decline to issue a policy on your life.

It is shortsighted because the premiums charged increase with each year of age. Every year adds something to the cost of protection. Therefore, common business prudence should lead you to insure at as early an age as possible.

It is shortsighted because an Endowment Policy is an excellent means of saving money, and a man cannot start too soon to accumulate for his old age.

You will find it to your advantage to talk the matter over with, and obtain full particulars from, a representative of the Confederation Life Association.

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W. D. MATHEWS, ESQ., FREDERICK WYLD, ESQ., Vice-Presidents

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Fat Foster (having eaten three cross-country cakes): "Gee, that's good!"

Gordon: "Do you know why there are two 'n's' and only one 't' in Britannia?"
Stephen: "No, why?"
Gordon: "Because it's the rule."
Stephen: "What rule?"
Gordon: " 'Rule Britannia,' of course."

Boy: "I can't understand this wireless telegraphy."
Scout: "Why it's quite plain. They just send the messages through the air instead of over poles."
Boy: "I know that, but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"

1st Boy: "I've got a great story here."
2nd Boy: "Is it long?"
1st Boy: "No, you can read it in two periods."

Tucker: "A hippopotamus."

Mr. Laidlaw (entering room 25 after a talcum powder fight): "This room smells like an undertaking parlor."

It has been rumored that a ghost has, for the last two or three weeks, been peering through the transoms of several rooms of the upper flat. But on investigations of the detective bureau of room 17, it was discovered to be Mr. M. on his nocturnal parades around the aforesaid upper flat.—Chief Detective Bonyard, Room 17.

Mr. Knighton: "This is of use to geologists."
Ross II.: "But we are scientists."

Mr. Findlay (to Spohn): "You certainly know how to handle dog fights."

Mr. Magee: "Look here, let there be silence."

Ross II. (in office): "How much are your five-cent pencils?"

TELEPHONE M. 1269

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The sleeves and knees don't get baggy, the coat-skirts have always the straight, clean cut, and the pockets adhere to the original horizontal.

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38-40 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

Young II. (translating): "Like the toes of a human hand."

Mr. Fleming: "Come, come Spohn, speak up like a little man."

Ault (entering room 24): "I hear you got some new music to-day?"
Scott I.: "Yes, and we got it to suit ourselves."

Bicknell thinks Parkdale is the nicest part of the city. We would rather not mention his reason for thinking so.

First Boy: "What do you call it when the sea goes up and down?"
Second Boy: "Seasickness."

Cotton (to Wilson I.): "Say, Harry, what kind of paint do you use? I would like to raise a complexion like yours for myself."

Ault (to Junor): "Play 'The Rosary,' it brings out all the finer points of my great tenor voice better than any other piece you have."

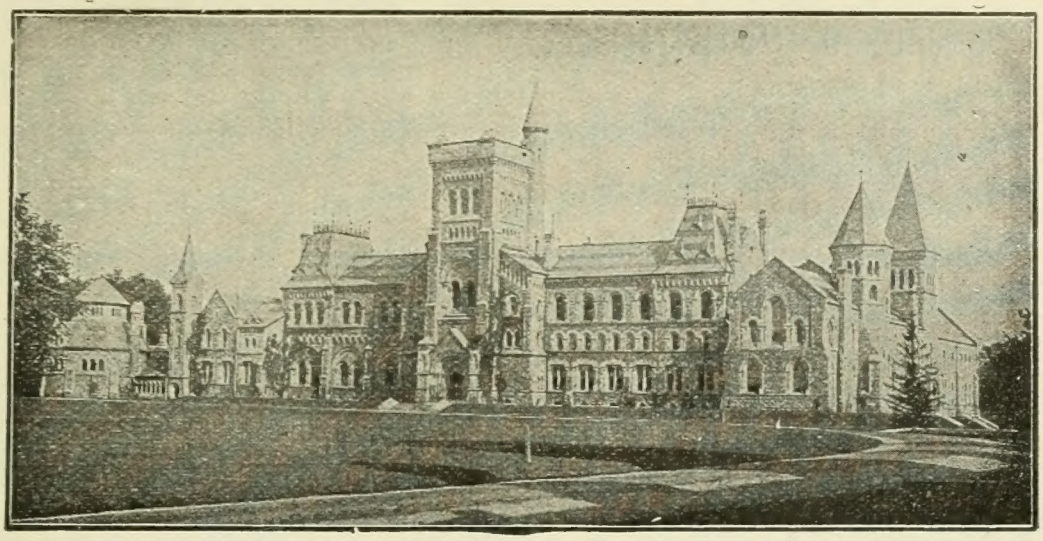
Fat Moore(seeing grape fruit on Master's table): "Gee, I never liked that stuff. It takes so much milk to soften it."

Jardine: "Say, Chinamen ought to be swell billiard shooters."
Mitchell: "Why?"
Jardine: "Because they all carry their private cues."

Williams (making a flying leap at his bed): "Now I lay me down on my little bier."
Jardine: "Why beer?"
Williams: "Because the sheets are so full of Schlitz."

Campbell (handling a pair of shoe trees): "Which last longer, right last or left last?"
Jardine: "The one that's left last, I guess."

It has been geometrically figured that Gideon's eyebrows are not straight.



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Un! Un! Eby: "Cut out being bad fellows, I'll get my prefectship taken away."

Speck Baillie: "Now, look here, I ain't no parlor cut-up."

Voice from the Ridley sidelines as Monty lights on Barnum: "Aw, dirty scragg."

Voice from the referee (as Fat Foster does the same thing): "Get off for 5 minutes."

Who ordered a 36 sweater for the manager?

Auld (debating): "I would like to inform me learned friend that six-fourths the population of Canada are farmers."
Voice from Pembroke: "Hear! hear!"

Pete Large: "Cheese it, Bo, I've got a grouch."

How are the mighty fallen! Osgoode's representative has got the habit. O you Sweet Caps!

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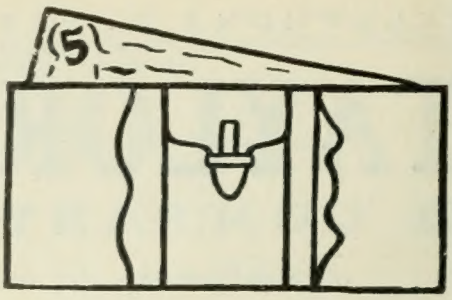

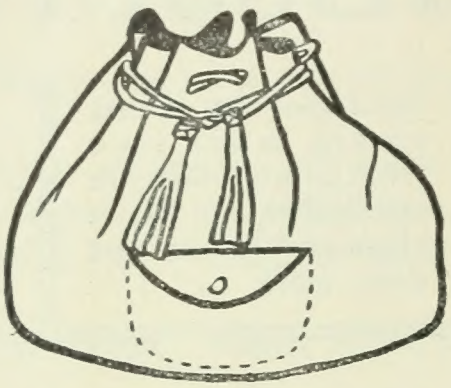

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